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Smiles and Tears in Verse

BY

RACHEL B. RAY

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.



CAYCES & TURNER
PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS
MARTIN, TENN.







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To
My Affectionate Sister
Mrs. Mattie J. Mills
of
Tampa, Florida
I Dedicate This Little Book



A SKETCH.

Rachel Beazley was born and reared in Kentucky which state she still calls "Home." She is the fifth daughter of Judge Elisha Beazley, is of English extraction and inherits the love of books and pen. The pens of the race produce both prose and poetry. Judge Beazley died when Rachel was about fourteen years of age. The four older girls taught to support the family while Rachel, for two years, was the nurse of her invalid mother, general housekeeper and governess for the three younger children.

Mrs. Beazley was a refined, intelligent woman and a famous housekeeper; under her supervision Rachel became skilled in home work. At her mother's death she entered school at Clinton, Kentucky, where she obtained a good education by teaching part of the time. She had a fine voice and acquired a good reputation as a musician.

She assisted her older sisters in educating the younger ones, never pausing for rest until the youngest was able to procure a situation and provide for herself. The eight sisters were all teachers.

Rachel was modestly courageous and persevering—which means success in every undertaking. The extent of her strength was the only limit to her energy; she was always dignified, a little reserved, her friendship strong and abiding. Eleven years ago she married Judge E. R. Ray, of Hickman County, Kentucky. About two years after, rheumatism prostrated her and kept her helpless for several months. None of her friends thought she would recover but her heart was fixed on Eureka Springs, Arkansas, as the only hope of her life.

Judge Ray took her to the place and she said she could not restrain the tears when she came in sight of it—then only a few shanties and tents dotted about over the mountains. Mrs. Ray's health has continued to improve slowly ever since. She is now able to attend her domestic affairs and take long walks, but the hand that holds the pen from which you read her treasured thoughts, is still swollen and sore. You would not think it able to wield the tiny weapon.

During these years of pain her pen has been a constant pleasure. The poem, "Dear To Me Yet," published in the Clinton, Kentucky Democrat, was a pleasant reminder to her many friends in the old home, that they were not forgotten, although she has become a permanence in the new bustling city.

She has no children of her own and the step-children have grown up one by one and gone into their separate paths of life.

The "Old Piano," published in a recent number of Woman's Work, gives a hint of Mrs. Ray's love of music; but let me whisper gently, dear reader, by way of consolation, a splendid organ stands in another corner of that room.

A serial, "The Ruined Home," now appearing in a St. Louis weekly, gives her views on temperance. She is a devoted Christian, a member of the Baptist church.

Her "Leaves From the Deacon's Wife's Scrap Book." are entitled with truth though they contain some fiction.

Mrs. Ray is an excellent housekeeper and knows how to tempt the appetite of her family and friends. She is small of stature, has wavy, black hair and deep blue eyes. She goes into society very little, yet is by no means a recluse. Many guests are entertained at Rock Spring Farm, her home. Judge Ray is a lawyer and real estate agent, doing considerable business.

KATE CARRINGTON.

Many changes have taken place in the life of Mrs. Ray since the above sketch was written. She is now engaged in a real estate, abstract and insurance business of her own and is still a busy woman. Occasionally she sends out an article for the press from her pen. She has used several non-de-plumes, that of Mattie McIntosh and Florence H. Forrester being used more frequently than others. She is still a resident of Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

NELLIE B. AUTREY.

January 5th, 1911.

Smiles and Tears in Verse

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

'Twas not upon a pleasant hill,
Adown which rushed a laughing rill;
No sweet wild flower, of any hue,
About our happy homestead grew,
But waving trees, where zephyrs played,
In springtime cast a lovely shade;
And happy voices, soft and low,
Were always heard about the door,

And when old winter, cold and gray,
His icy fetters round us lay,
We'd gather then at evening gloom,
Around a cheerful drawing room;
With music there and cheerful song
No hour seemed to us too long,
And thus our pleasant evenings passed,
Until old winter went at last.

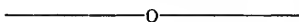
When the pleasant spring did come,
And deck the gardens round our home,
With flowers pale and delicate too—
Whose graceful stems and pale bright hue,
Did only grow that fragrance sweet
Should fill the halls and rooms so neat,
Where childhood's merry laugh was long,
And sweeter far than wild bird's song.

The pleasant spring soon passed away,
The summers, neither, long would stay,
As every day our childish feet,
Would trip along the quiet street,
And peal on peal the old school bell,
At morn and noon so loud would tell,
As if to say, "Come, children dear,
The hour for study now is here."

And thus we passed our happy days;
In many thoughtless, childish ways,
Ne'er troubled by a care or sorrow;
Ne'er dreaming of a sad tomorrow;
We little thought that later years,
With darksome shadows—yea, with tears—
Would change the bright and happy home
To one as silent as the tomb.

Long years have passed, the homestead neat
Still stands beside the village street;
The garden looks so fresh and green
As many time when I have seen
My mother's form, as on she walked,
And gaily with my father talked,
Or stooped to cull a lovely flower,
Fit to grace a fairy's bower.

'Tis sad to see, as here I stand,
The gardens tended by another hand,
And the marble white in the churchyard low
Tells tales of sorrow and of woe.
'Tis sad indeed, only a token
Of a circle rent and a chain twice broken;
The golden links have passed away
Beyond the river to endless day.



DEAR TO ME YET.

My mind in its wanderings often strays
To a town in the past and my childhood days,
When my life was young, was sweet and bright,
And the hours were spent in childish delight,
With happy play or in merry glee,
Clinging around my father's knee;
Often with tears are my eyelids wet—
The old, old town is dear to me yet.

I love the place where my father walked,
Where we children laughed and with mother talked;

I love the old and familiar street;
Then I knew each face I chanced to meet;
The sky always seemed so bright and clear,
And I dreamed of neither a care or fear,
The days of my childhood I'll never forget,
The old, old town is dear to me yet.

Many an hour have I gaily played
In the court house yard 'neath the cool, deep shade
Of the wavy locust where breezes pass,
I froliced and romped on the fresh, green grass;
My heart was blithesome, light and gay,
And time glided swiftly enough away;
The plays of my childhood I'll never forget,
The old, old town is dear to me yet.

Day after day with my playmates I'd meet
By the deep clay bank on the narrow back street;
With sharpened sticks we'd dig in the hill,
And there we'd set going a flourishing mill;
Then clean, dry dirt would steadily roll,
And with measure and boxes we'd take out the toll;—
The mills of my childhood I'll never forget.
The old, old town is dear to me yet.

Many a time with line and hook
Have I caught the fish from the babbling brook,
Where the grass grew tall on the slippery bank,
And the snowy lily flourished and drank;
How often I gathered the flower so fair,
And twined it among my tangled hair;—
The ways of my childhood I'll never forget,
The old, old town is dear to me yet.

Now I am wandering far away
From the dear old town of my childhood's day,
And I walk no more the quiet street,
Nor smile at the faces I used to meet;
Kindred and playmates are sweetly at rest,
In their silent sleep, in the home of the blest;—
Oh! often with tears are my eyelids wet,
The old, old town is dear to me yet.

THE OAK AND I.

The dear old oak, our childhood's friend,
We each one loved it dearly,
We sat beneath its waving boughs,
Each day both late and early;
Beneath its cool and leafy shade,
At noon we ate our dinners,
And here we had our merry games,
To see who would be winners.

Years, years long years have passed,
And each year has its story,
And still the dear old stately oak
Stands up in all its glory;
The woodman dared not touch the tree,
The storms have passed it over,
Its wavy branches still stand up
To shade the passing rover.

Today we two, the tree and I,
Are in our same old places,
With saddened heart and tearful eyes,
I miss familiar faces;
The girls and boys of other days,
Are passed away forever,
We'll never meet beneath this tree,
Again on earth, no, never.

I stand upon this lonely spot,
While old time scenes surround me,
Sweet recollections of the past,
Fond memory throws around me;
Times and scenes of childhood's days,
Are fast around me falling,
It seems as if I almost hear
Familiar voices calling.

But in a far off better world,
Where there is no more sighing,
Where partings too, are never known,

Nor sorrow there, nor crying;
I hope to meet my playmates then,
In the bright world of glory,
Then each one with his hallowed lips
Can tell his own sweet story.

O

MY LITTLE SISTER.

The weather was pleasant tho' late in the fall,
The long yellow grass was wavy and tall,
'Way down in the garden among the high weeds,
I walked out one afternoon gathering seeds;
I was working away when I heard a light song,
Rippling so softly and floating along,
The voice was childish and sweet as could be,
It was dear little sister searching for me.

I left off my picking, dropped over the stalk,
Looked up the slant of the long garden walk;
She was coming on slowly down through the long
grass,
That had grown up so thickly she scarcely could
pass;
"I found you," she said, her blue eyes so wide,
"I know what you thought, you thought you would
hide,
Now just let me help you gather those seeds,
I'm not at all 'fraid of the big ugly weeds."

She worked on awhile and kept up her song,
At last growing tired she quit it ere long;
"I'll go on to the house, now," she said with a laugh,
"And take this up with me to feed to the calf,
Good bye now, I know it can't do any harm,"
And she bound the long bundle of grass with her
arm,
Her bright, yellow curls floating back from her head,
And her "Josie" cut dresss made of wine colored red.

My sweet, little sister was such a great pet,
And she made such a picture, I'll never forget,
The long wavy grass was taller by half
Than she with her bundle to feed to the calf;
That same little sister is a woman now grown,
In all of these years I never have known
Of a time when she wasn't as dear to me
As that sweet little sister used to be.

—o—

LITTLE GERTIE.

(Written on the death of a niece).

There came a little angel and gently knocked one
day,
At the door of our dwelling and ask her to let her
stay,
We took her quite kindly, 'twas in the twilight cold,
And we kept the little being till she grew just six
weeks old.

We called her little Gertie, she was so young and fair,
With her blue eyes soft and smiling and her long,
brown curly hair;
She'd look at us so sweetly with her bright, angelic
smile,
That we almost knew the angels were whispering
to the child.

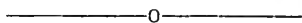
Our neighbors came to see her and to us would
kindly say,
That we shouldn't love her fondly for she'd pass
from earth away,
That she was a tender floweret that God to us had
given,
That had opened here among us but would blossom
full in Heaven.

Still we loved her, oh, so fondly as we laid her on our
arm,
And we vowed to always shelter her from every
care and harm,

That should come across her pathway as she travel-
ed on through life,
Vowed to shield her from the troubles that would
fill her soul with strife.

We loved our little Gertie, but her icy fingers cold
Were laid across her bosom just when she was six
weeks old,
The slender chain was severed that bound her to the
earth,
And our little Girtie left us whom we'd loved so
from her birth.

We laid the little body to rest beneath the sod,
While her soul is gently leaning on the bosom of
her God,
We miss our little Gertie but we know she's happy
grown,
With her little cherub fingers counting stars around
the throne.



THE LITTLE DARLING.

The picture, oh, it's beautiful,
I looked and still I gazed,
And those who sat about me,
Seemed perfectly amazed;
I'll declare the little features,
Looked right at me with a glow,
How much I love the darling
None of them will ever know.

The head so round and shapely,
And the eyes so clear and bright,
With the face upturned just slightly
Full of radiant childish light;
And the lip just tucked a little
In a natural girlish way,
Oh! I'm glad you sent the picture
It's a comfort every day.

She's dressed so nice and tidy,
And looks so very neat,
And the pigeon is so natural
Picking crumbs up at her feet;
Oh! she's every inch a lady,
Just as sweet as she can be,
I'm glad you sent the picture
It is very dear to me.

No I never kiss the picture,
It is cold and hard and flat,
And don't satisfy the craving,
Of a loving heart, know that,
I would rather see the darling;
The fairy little elf,
And then give all the kisses,
To her own dear loving self.

You must tell her all about me,
How I live so far away,
That I hope we'll see each other,
In the future yet some day;
Though I've never seen the beauty,
I love her all the same,
Because she's sweet and smart I know
And wears her Auntie's name.

—————o—————

THE TIME WORN BOAT.

(To Elder Willis White, Clinton, Ky.)

We often sit in our craft so frail,
As over the waters of life we sail,
And watch with interest each passing boat,
For we all on the same crested waters float—
With the shores of time behind in the sea,
We are steering straight for Eternity.

Over the waters, clear and bright,
In his time-worn boat rows Father White;

His brow is furrowed by age and care,
And frosts have whitened his once dark hair;
Youth to him will return no more—
He's watching now for the other shore.

Away, way back in the days of old,
When his arm was strong and his heart was bold,
He wrestled hard with the storm and wave,
As none could do but the true and brave,
And many and many a stranded boat
Has he faithfully helped to set afloat.

Many a heart that now lies low,
If they only could, would bless him, we know;
And many a living one, too, could tell
Of the open record—a life spent well—
A living monument, never to rust
Or crumble low and lie in the dust.

When the time-worn boat, with Father White,
Glides into the haven of rest and light.
And quiet steals o'er the restless wave,
As he reaches the land beyond the grave—
With sighs and tears we'll bid him adieu.
As his earthly craft is rounded to.

Oh! shadows of time, why steal thou away
The friends we have loved in our happiest day?
Why tear from our arms and a loving embrace
Those dear to our hearts, a bright smiling face?
Life is no fiction; there's nothing so plain
As the blessed assurance: We'll all meet again.

—————o—————

OUR PETS.

(Written on the death of Katie and Hattie, only
children of John and Mollie Doss.)

Two bright eyed little darlings,
With gentle, loving arms,
Came into our household,
And filled it with sweet charms.

They grew to be so lovely
And so full of joy and mirth,
That the brightest rays of sunshine
Ever beamed around our hearth.

Our home was just as happy
As a home could ever be,
And we thought not for a moment
That such happiness could flee.

But the bright eyed little beings
That came with us to dwell,
Grew tired, faint and weary,
And at last they drooped and fell.

We laid sweet, little Katie
In the cold, lone grave to sleep,
And prayed that God would lend us
The other one to keep.

But alas, our other darling
Lingered only for a day,
When her pain and fever left her
And our Hattie passed away.

They are resting now so gently,
Side by side asleep,
For God in all his mercy
Will our precious treasures keep.

We miss them, oh, so sadly,
From our sorrow stricken home,
Our hearts are torn with anguish,
That our darlings, two, are gone.

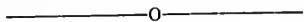
But God will keep them safely,
In his arms until the day,
When he'll call us to his bosom,
And wipe our tears away.

THE SMITTEN ROCK.

Hanging faint upon the tree,
For the sins of you and me,
And the sins of every nation,
In a high and lowly station,
By His followers denied,
With a deep wound in His side,
Hanging there until he died.

Meekness stamped upon His face,
Showing endless love and grace,
Love for sinners, grace He won,
He, His Father's only Son,
Hanging faint upon the tree,
Making all His people free;
With a deep wound in His side,
"Father, Father," loud He cried,
Then gave up the ghost and died.

Darkness covered earth and sea,
When He died for you and me,
Darkness with the thunder crash,
And the vivid lightning flash,
And the heavy earthquake shock,
Uttered, not in words to mock,
It is—it is the Smitten Rock,
Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
Was slain for you and me.



BEYOND.

There's a world beyond, beyond,
Where I hear they never die,
Up above the gleaming sky,
Out beyond, out beyond;
There they never know a woe,
Where those happy people go,
In this perfect world of beauty,
Out beyond, out beyond.

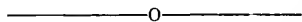
CHORUS.

Oh! that happy, happy band,
Singing in that glory land
When we reach this world of beauty,
Out beyond, out beyond.

In this world beyond, beyond,
Evil laws are all unknown,
Wickedness and shame are flown,
Out beyond, out beyond;
It is filled with peace and light,
And there's no such thing as night,
In this brilliant world of beauty,
Out beyond, out beyond.

In this world beyond, beyond,
We will have a mansion fair,
Christ our Saviour will prepare,
Out beyond, out beyond;
Though eternity may roll,
He speaks peace to every soul,
Dwelling in this world of beauty,
Out beyond, out beyond.

In this world beyond, beyond,
Where our blessed Saviour reigns,
On those lovely rolling plains,
Out beyond, out beyond;
There they never breathe a sigh,
There they never, never die,
In this happy world of beauty,
Out beyond, out beyond.



“WHEN CHRIST WAS HERE.”

“When Christ was here.”
Has He gone away?
Is that the cause of the gloomy day

And the bitter night with pain and grief
From which the world finds no relief?

“When Christ was here.”

Can it be so
That God would let our Saviour go,
And leave His children so shut in
By a high built wall of real sin?

“When Christ was here.”

Oh, can it be
That He walks no more on Galilee?
My saddened heart sends the refrain,
“When, oh when, will He come again?”

ON CALVARY'S BROW.

An Easter Poem.

Hear the noisy tumult, the neighing of the steed?
The voices of the rabble as they rush along with
speed?

Hear the angry soldiers swearing with a vow?
And see the cross uplifted, the cross on Calvary's
brow?

Hark! the distant rumbling, the earth's dull, heavy
quake,
Men look stern, uneasy, turn pale and weak and
shake;
The sun shuts out his glory, darkness like a pall,
As thick as midnight blackness settles heavily o'er
all.

The vail within the Temple is quickly rent twain;
The old time, hoary prophets once more walk the
earth again;

On the brow of Calvary the cruel deed is done,
By which a glorious victory over death is won.
Hail! the morn is breaking, the stone is rolled away,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour, proclaims the opening day,

The day of our salvation his atonement made us
free.
He stamped out the law of bondage by the law of
liberty.

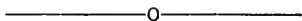
WHY WEEPEST THOU?

In the pale and early starlight, before the gate of
morn,
Had swung upon its hinges to usher in the dawn,
A light and slender figure with a wealth of shining
hair,
Her head bowed low in mourning, 'twas a woman
tender fair;
Along the garden pathway wandered Mary Magdalene
A follower of Jesus, the first upon the scene.
Peering through the twilight in the early morning
gloom,
She reached the place of resting, stooped and looked
into the tomb;
The entrance had been opened, the stone was roll-
ed away,
From before the darkened sepulcher wherein the
Saviour lay;
She saw the linen clothing lying scattered on the
ground
But the body of the Saviour no where, no where could
be found.

When Mary missed the Saviour her heart was filled
with grief,
The first thought rushed upon her, that a low and
wicked thief,
Had stolen in the garden to where the Saviour lay,
In the shadow of the darkness, and had taken Him
away;
And Mary sad and troubled stood without the tomb
and wept,
The new tomb of the Saviour, where his body had
been kept,

A voice mild and gentle speaks and Mary hears it
now,
In soft and tender accents, "Mary, why weepest
thou?"
Mary ceased her weeping when she heard the gentle
word,
And turning looked about her, and beheld her blessed
Lord.
Receiving then the message, she bore it with swift
feet,
To others loved and waiting, "Christ is risen," words
how sweet.

"Christ is risen," turn behold him, the words ring
out anew,
Christ the Saviour, who on Calvary, gave up his life
for you,
Christ is risen, Christ is waiting, as the moments
quickly roll,
With his ever ready blessing to speak peace unto
your soul,
A smile of sweet forgiveness shines from out his
countenance now,
Trust him in his mercy, sinner, say, why weepest
thou?



THE DIVINE PLAN.

Men think as they come and think as they go,
But their thinking never can make things so;
They think they are right and you are wrong,
And they roll these thoughts over all day long;
They study, they meditate into the night,
Trying with force to think themselves right.

There never has been a time but when
God has worked through the children of men;
He works through Gentile, He works through Jew,
And if you will let Him He'll work through you;

But keep it in mind just what I say,
That God must always have His way.

Abraham often heard His voice
And it made his faithful heart rejoice;
He spoke to Moses and Joshua too,
And if you will listen He'll speak to you;
The old time prophets truthfully wrote
That He spoke to the earth and set it afloat.

You never can under His pinions hide
So long as the devil stalks by your side;
God leaves the whole matter to rest with you,
And it's just what you think as to what you do;
Whether you'll work for God with a might,
Or let the devil cheat you out-right.

He will try to make you think if he can
That Jesus is left quite out of the plan;
He'll fill your mind with all kinds of stuff,
For his subject never can think enough;
To strengthen his work the devil knows
The more you think the more it grows.

All of the thoughts of men combined
Will never keep God or His plans confined;
God's purpose is set, His plans are done;
He's working them out one by one;
There never will be a time but when
God will work through the children of men.

—————o—————

OLD MAN LICENSE DEAD.

Just at twelve c'clock
When the midnight hours rock
The earth to soundest sleep
Mid its shadows dark and deep,
On the last night of the year—
Died—with many a dread and fear,

As the solemn deep-toned bell,
Rang out, rang in with loudest swell,
The old year and the new,
The old man took his last adieu.

His illness wasn't long
So the old man was quite strong,
But in a moment unaware
He was caught in quite a snare,
Had an over dose of voice
By the people, who rejoice
To see right not wrong prevail,
If the right is weak and frail;
So License, old and gray,
Forever more has passed away.

His friends indeed were true,
And they, numbering not a few,
Stood around him to the last,
As his life thus slowly passed,
And with many a sigh and tear,
As they saw his end was near,
Sorrowed bitterly and long,
That the old man rough and strong,
Should be thus snatched away
From his friends on such a day.

Now our country, don't you see,
Forevermore will be free,
From the liquor traffic sale—
Can't sell whiskey, beer or ale—

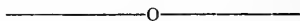
What a blessing 'tis to know
That the old man had to go,
Full of storms his life and rough
He had lived quite long enough,
Dawned next morning bright and fair,
Happy New Year filled the air,
But the crape upon the door
Told the old man was no more.

THERE'LL BE A TIME.

There'll be a time,
I tell you now in simple rhyme
There'll be a time,
When beer and ale and whiskey stale,
By working hands and Christian bands,
Will be swept from our land.

There'll be a time,
Not very far; I see the star
That hangs aloft,
A star so bright with shining light,
And dazzling ray tells of the day;
There'll be a time,
When ale and beer with loudest cheer
Will be swept from our land.

There'll be a time,
At early morn the bugle horn
Will echo loud
From every hill, from every crowd
Tell of a day not far away;
There'll be a day
When drink so strong with all its wrong
Will be swept from our land.



THE BLIND MAN'S REGRET.

Once I was young and joyous,
And life looked bright to me,
My boyish heart beat lightly
Because my soul was free;
The iron chain whose fetters,
Cling closely to me now,
Around me throws a shadow,
Rum never breaks a vow.

I regret I ever touched it,
It fills my soul with woe,
It makes my children weep and mourn

And troubles mother so.
At night the stars shown brightly,
And sunshine filled each day,
But now I sit in sorrow,
Or in darkness grope my way;
Because the dreadful monster,
Whose clutches hold me now,
Has filled my life with sadness,
Rum never breaks a vow.

I regret I ever touched it,
It fills my soul with woe,
It makes my children weep and mourn
And troubles mother so.

My prospects were the brightest,
The future looked to me,
As calm and smooth and beautiful
As Aegean's glassy sea;
But comrades grew so helpful,
And some were very kind,
They offered and I yielded,
I drank and now I'm blind.

I regret I ever touched it,
It fills my soul with woe,
It makes my children weep and mourn
And troubles mother so.

Wine with sparkling brightness,
Tempted me in every cup,
But beneath it's ruby color,
Terror lurked in every cup;
With just the slightest contact,
It will get a hold somehow,
And keep you in it's clutches,
Rum never breaks a vow.

I regret I ever touched it,
It fills my soul with woe,
It makes my children weep and mourn
And troubles mother so.

THE NEW YEAR.

Those who like youth and its pleasures,
And engage in its wild merry ways,
Will give me a hearty welcome,
And enjoy my sunshiny days;
I'd much rather have the giving,
Of bright, cheerful days to all,
But in general I deal out according
The kind for which I have call.

To some I bring grief and sorrow,
Then my days are always dark,
As a cloud of shadow-like mourning
Hangs heavily over their barque;
Indeed, it would suit me much better,
To bring good gifts to all,
But man in the Garden of Eden,
Sacrificed these in his fall.

The poor sigh at my coming,
For my days are sad and cold,
"Want," is the song they sing me,
To them it never grows old;
They shrink from the touch of my fingers,
Though I fain would bring them wealth,
And stamp on the cheek of the palest,
The rosest tint of health.

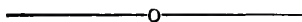
The old with tottering footsteps,
Look sad as I wander past,
Each New Year to them is calmly
Accepted each time as the last;
To these I would bring only kindness,
I would lighten the heart of its fears,
His rod and His staff will comfort
The old through declining years.

The rich in their mansions of splendor,
Receive me with open arms,
They are my lavish companions,
And demand of me rarest of charms;

I bring them both wealth and treasures,
I would bring such to all if I could,
The wish of my heart is sincerely,
To give only gifts that are good.

I'd cover the earth with my blessings,
I'd strew it with sweets and flowers,
I'd brighten each day with my sunshine,
And send only freshening showers;
I'd gladden each face by brushing
Away every trace of a tear,
I'd greet every heart sad or joyous,
By bringing a happy New Year.

But God in His wisdom has chosen
As the years to eternity roll,
To guide me on every occasion,
Over Time then I have no control;
I come or I go at His bidding,
I bring what he wishes to send,
By faith in His mercy I'm trusting,
That all will be well in the end.



THE OLD YEAR'S GONE.

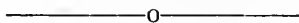
The Old Year's gone without a word,
Or the faintest sigh that could be heard;
Not a tear of regret fell from his eye,
As he for the last time passed us by;
Whether with sad heart or with gay,
He gave not a sign as he rolled away.

There's not a doubt but many a heart,
Beat high with joy to see him depart;
For time is a matter of course with some,
And the years are lightly passed in fun;
The faster they come, the shorter they are,
The better suited are some by far.

While others with sad heart and forlorn,
Sorrow to see the old year gone;
Time is the life of such as this,

Not an hour to waste, not a moment to miss;
Each passing year leaves fruit of gold,
For these in the past as life grows old.

The years have come, the years have gone,
As this one without a departing song,
Time never stops or turns to look back,
The years go forward each in the track
Of the other that's just lived out its day,
And lies in the past buried away.



CHRISTMAS.

The merriest time of all the year,
When Autumn winds are over,
And round a bright and sparkling fire
In heavy coats we hover;
The sleigh bells jingle in the air,
It's just the kind of weather—
For Christmas times and dashing snows
Go hand in hand together.

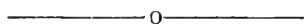
The merriest time of all the year,
The hill's just right for coasting,
The water's sparkling in the rill
Ready for Christmas toasting,
The Christmas bells with merry tune
Across the way are ringing,
While children gathered into groups
With happy hearts are singing.

The Christmas tree is loaded down
With presents rich and shining,
The house is filled from door to door
With youthful hearts and pining;
The stocking's hanging from the jam,
And little minds are wondering,
Wrapped underneath the coverlet,
If Santa Claus is coming.

The old folks have a goodly time,
They do their lively joking,
And as the blaze grows dim in glare
They give the fire a poking;
Maid and lover sitting by,
Keep casting looks so shyly,
And as the hours go flitting on
He tells his story slyly.

The Christmas turkey's nice and brown,
The snowy bread is baking,
The kitchen maid with dash and churn
Now gives the milk a shaking;
The Christmas cake is large and white,
The pumpkin pie and cherry
Are smoking hot, so now's the time
To eat, drink and be merry.

Good will to all and peace beside
On every hand is cheering;
God sends a Saviour to the world,
Be hopeful then, not fearing.



AUTUMN LEAVES.

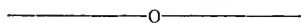
There's something in the autumn leaves
All touched with brown and gold,
That tells us in unspoken words
We too are growing old.

One time the autumn leaves were green
And fresh upon the stem,
They cast a cool and lovely shade
In woodland, hill and glen.

But changes came, the fresh green leaves
Have turned to red and gold,
Their life's as short as winter days,
Their story's soon all told.

The autumn leaves once fresh, now brown,
Have had their time for mirth,
They die and leave the parent stem,
To rest with mother earth.

We're dropping off just one by one,
To rest beneath the sod,
But unlike autumn leaves decayed
Our future rests with God.



WOMAN.

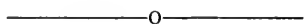
Of course the men are perfect, I've not a word to
say
About the men, but still you know they will crowd
in some way;
They never did a meanly act, not ever that I knew
Unless led by a woman, the weaker of the two.

When Adam bit the apple, Eve in all her pride
And freshly maiden beauty was standing by his side;
And so it was right lately with the case we had in
town,
The beauty of the woman turned the old man's head
around.

It always seemed quite funny why a man so strong
and true
Would let a silly woman coax him into what to do;
The fall don't seem to hurt him, he soon brushes
off the dirt,
And directly, in a year or so, he'll take another flirt.

But woman, poor woman; just let her step aside,
From the path of truth and virtue, it's a downhill,
lifelong slide;
No kindly hand will help her; the pure and stain-
less name,
In time she wore quite proudly, is forever stained
with shame.

Oh! woman, faithless woman, will there never be
a day,
When thy name will not be frailty and reproach
be swept away?
Wilt thou not in all thy beauty from thy sinful
ways depart,
And kept the path of duty with a true and faithful
heart?



WOMAN'S WAYS AND NOTIONS.

Every woman has her notions,
And her own peculiar ways,
You will soon find out her meaning
When she has her little says;
And if you let her have her way,
She won't forget you soon,
She'll enjoy life as hugely
As if 'twere all a honeymoon.

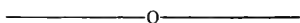
If she wants to kill a turkey,
And invite a few in town,
To come and dine with her that day,
Don't show a heavy frown;
Don' grunt and growl about it,
As a great many would do,
A woman has a right at home
And works as well as you.

If you in all your kindness
Can spare her but a dollar,
And she pays the biggest half of that
Out for a tie or collar,
And pretty soon she's out of change,
And has a bill to pay,
Don't ask her where the dollar is
She had the other day.

Don't measure out the meal for her,
Or tell her what to cook,

Don't snap and snarl about the house,
And wear a crabbed look;
A woman has her frailties
The same, you know, as you.
There may be angels on the earth,
But likely they are few.

Every woman has her ups and downs,
Has her little troubles too,
And many a time she never tells
A word of these to you;
If you'll treat her as your partner,
And let her have her way,
And not oppose her notions,
She'll bless you more each day.



THE IDEAL MAN.

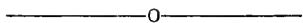
Life is varied in its action, every human on the
stage,
Can choose therefrom a part to play, and act it
to old age;
In the heart of every woman for her heart she lays
a plan,
The main figure in the picture is the one ideal man.

In him she sees protection, he must shield her from
the world,
As they with the rolling masses down the aisles are
whirled;
With his footsteps bending heavenward to the land
that knows no night,
His Christian grace and fervor guides her in the
paths aright.

He carries in his bosom a heart that beats for her;
Has a record book for ages to which she may refer;
With a mind supplied with knowledge gathered
fresh from wisdom's height.

He is ready for the question, scorns the wrong,
upholds the right.
With a love for human kindness he scatters in her
way
Such flowers as he gathers fresh and fragrant
every day;
Dispels the heavy shadows as they o'er her vision
roll;
Assists her with each burden, fit companion for
her soul.

Having gained her heartfelt treasure, woman's bliss
is unalloyed,
Without it, search forever, none can fill the aching
void;
She will count the teeming millions till she finds
this ideal man,
Who, in all her meditations, forms the centre of
her plan.



AN IDEAL MAN.

In the distance, hear the thunder, peal on peal comes
from afar!
Like the roar of angry billows, 'tis the threatening
cloud of war;
Growing blacker in it's fury, gathering strength on
every hand,
Ready now to sow destruction broadcast o'er our
fatherland.

The roaring of the tempest and the fast approaching
gale,
Is enough to daunt the strongest, make the proudest
face turn pale;
But the ideal man in waiting, clad in armor of the
brave,
Vows to fight for home and country or to fill a
soldier's grave.

Lying hidden in his bosom, is a heart as true as steel;
Wears a face to which the weakest without study would appeal;
With a kind and gentle nature and of good and noble birth;
Full of brave and valiant daring, he's a man of sterling worth.

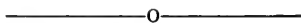
This hero, full of courage, hears the bugle call to arms;
Kisses child and wife and mother, leaves a home with many charms;
His country's banner floating from the battlements on high,
Fills his soul to overflowing, dares for it to fight or die.

In the starlight of the morning by the camp fire's ruddy glow,
On his bended knee the soldier with steady voice and low,
Prays the God of earth and heaven to preserve his gallant band,
Sleeping 'round him in the gloaming, by his own protecting hand.

Firmly girding on his armor, ready for the day of woe,
With neither shield nor helmet, leads his men to meet the foe;
Through a contest wild and fearful before the day is done,
The soldier leads to victory, the battle's fought and won.

Listen, how they cheer him as he rides along the glen;
First in peace, and first in war and in the hearts of all good men;
Every body sing the praises of the hero of the age,

And in never fading letters write his name on history's page.



I WOULDN'T BE AN EDITOR.

I wouldn't be an editor, and wear a blandly smile,
And keep the folks to thinkin' I was happy all the
while,
When I meet with competition, and work as cheap as
dirt,
And never have a penny to buy an extra shirt.

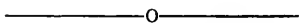
I wouldn't be an editor and live on mush and milk,
And never have a dollar to buy my wife a silk;
When the grocer and the milkman come around my
way,
Have to keep a dodgin' to stave 'em off a day.

I wouldn't be an editor and publish every rhyme
That's laid upon my table for a bran new silver dime,
Because you know a poet don't like to be refused,
It kinder makes him huffy, or feel like he's misused.

Then you have to puff the mayor, and the councilmen
all too,
And praise up the policemen, no matter what they do,
Or they talk about your paper, and keep runnin' it
right down,
And say you're not a-helpin' to bolster up the town.

You may mention all the socials, and tell what each
one wore,
And count the silks and satins and diamonds by the
score,
And lavish on the hostess praises huge, grand and
sublime,
And ten to one they'll want you to send your paper
out on time.

I wouldn't be an editor, no, indeed, not I,
For all the fame about it, if it reached up to the
sky,
The many little ups and downs and struggles as they
go
In the life of every editor, no one else can know.



I WOULDN'T BE A CANDIDATE.

I wouldn't be a candidate, and have to stump the
state,
And keep myself a movin' from early morn till
late,
A-huntin' up the gossip and saltin' it all down
To pound the other fellow when we reach another
town.

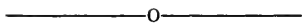
I wouldn't be a candidate, and tell to all the folks
My many deeds and actions, be they solemn or in
jokes,
Because you know a person so often meets with
scorn,
When he goes 'bout a puffin' and blowin' his own
horn,

I wouldn't be a candidate, and suffer myself tossed
Backward and then forward by a war of words,
an' bossed,
For you know that this is stylish, very modern, up-
to-date,
To heap on your opponent accusations born of hate,

I wouldn't be a candidate, and mix in with the wrong,
That's boiled down in politics till bitter, stiff and
strong,
It cuts away the principle, makes men heathenish
and wild,

Much less to rule the people, they're unfit to guide
a child.

I wouldn't be a candidate, for all the paltry pelf,
I'd rather be the poorer and try to behave myself,
For men before the public are always to be blamed,
For all their naughty actions, and they ought to be
ashamed.



I WOULDN'T BE A POET.

I wouldn't be a poet,
And tangle up my speech,
And have it all a-soundin'
Like a crazy nightowl screech;
There's nothing to my notion,
Like plain, straightforward talk,
I'll never write my sentiments
All twirled up in a balk.

I wouldn't be a poet,
With soft light in my eyes,
And always be a studyin'
The moon and stars and skies;
And foolin' round the muses,
And coaxin' out the rhyme,
And measurin' up the verses
To suit the kind of time.

I wouldn't be a poet,
And sail o'er land and sea,
And pose myself as somethin'
When its plain, old-fashioned me,
A-drinkin' in the praises
And tryin' hard to learn
To take in all the flatt'ry,
Givin' nothin' in return.

I wouldn't be a poet,
And wear a diadem,
And have to be a-foolin'
With the old newspaper men;
They'd always want my writin'
Without a cent of pay,
And then when it would come in print
'Twould be half scratched away.
I wouldn't be a poet,
No, indeed, not I,
I'd rather settle with the world,
And lay me down to die.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The day was dark and gloomy,
The snow fell thick and fast,
As I stood beside the window,
I caught a glimpse at last
Of a prancing horse with jetty mane,
Come slowly trotting down the lane.

The rider, young and handsome,
With a quiet, happy smile,
Drew his rein up gently,
And stopped to chat awhile;
As he bowed and gave his hat a lift,
I roguishly said, "Christmas gift."

I told him it was settled,
That each young man should pay
To me a handsome present,
As a Christmas gift that day.
He laughed and said, perhaps he'd none,
If so then what was to be done.

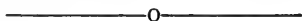
I told him all the better,
That I'd have a deal of fun,
I'd claim each handsome fellow,
But still I'd want but one,

So I'd keep the one I loved best,
And to the girls I'd trade the rest.

Then he said he hoped no other
Would come at all that day,
If he should be the only one,
Would I then trade him away?
I never once had thought of that,
And there was where he caught me pat.

I can't tell now my answer,
I know I hid a blush,
And tried to stammer something
By telling him to hush;
And sure enough no other came,
'Twas settled I should hold my claim.

I've had the nicest presents
Of every kind that's new,
But such precious, handsome treasures,
I know can be but few;
If I the world with selve should sift,
I'd find few like my Christmas gift.



WHY WASN'T I?

Some girls I know have golden curls
And cheeks of rosy hue,
With skin of ivory whiteness,
And melting eyes of blue;
While some have heavy braids of black
And dreamy eyes of brown,
With lips as rosy as a bud,
And brows that never frown;
For some of these the heart doth sigh,
Born beautiful; why wasn't I?

Some girls I know have dresses fine,
With trimmings rich and gay,

Have heavy sets of pearls and lace,
A change for every day;
And some wear velvet soft and smooth,
With jewels in their hair,
A coachman goes at their command,
With carriage fine and pair;
Can well afford a style so high,
Born wealthy; ah! why wasn't I?

Some girls I know are quick to learn,
Can catch a thing at sight,
Are always ready to reply
With ideas good and bright;
Some with a brisk and ready pen,
Can write a sketch or book,
Intelligence is plainly seen
In every glance or look,
Deep thought is written in the eye,
Born sensible; why wasn't I?

Some girls I know are always kind,
So good to help the poor,
The hungry beggar's never turned
Unfed from out their door;
And with a gentle, loving hand,
They wipe away the tear;
Drive want away from sickness,
And soothe the wildest fear;
They are as gifted from on high,
Born good; ah me, why wasn't I?
The cry has been since Adam's fall
Why was I ever born at all?



LUCK.

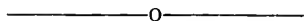
The doctor just across the way,
In all the practice holds the sway,
A jolly man with good natured face,
He seldom ever loses a case,

Luck has traveled down his road
And he counts his money by the load.

The merchant down there with his brother
Sells more goods than any other,
His house is always full of folks,
He talks and laughs and cracks his jokes,
Luck holds him steady 'round the neck,
He counts his money by the peck.

Opr neighbor farmer has good hay,
His hogs are fat and all the day
He's moving, hauling and rolling in
Till he fills his cellar and fills his bin.
Luck has left him many a treasure,
His money now he scarce can measure.

The lawyer too, who counts his gain,
Is followed by luck on every train,
And it's luck to the fortunate all the same
As it is to the hunter who kills the game,
It's luck in the rise and luck in the fall
And nothing but management after all.



LINES TO THE WORLD.

Adrift in this big world surrounded by hate,
Suspiciously watching the decision of fate;
With hands tied behind you and feet in the stocks,
Stealthy watching the free fellow's knocks.

Afloat in this big world, a high raging sea,
The billows go rolling white-capped in their glee;
Blinding the spray and deafening the roar,
With feathers all dripping, no hopes of a soar.

Aghast in this big world, so full of deceit,
Temptation and hatred help make it complete;
All classes of evil out on a big tare,
Watch for your life or you're caught in a snare.

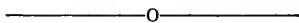
Alone in this big world bespattered with sin,
Heart broken and weary, full up to the chin;
Too heavenly homesick to breathe a deep sigh,
Hopeless, forsaken and longing to die.

Oh! world are you blind to the sick and the weary;
With nights full of pain, with days dark and dreary?

Are you deaf as you whirl in your giddiness by
To the poverty stricken with pitiful cry?

Oh! world, can't you halt in your glee and your madness?

Just linger a moment and scatter your gladness,
As dew-drops of love o'er the sad heart-sick soul;
Then time and Eternity likewise may roll.



STARVE HIM OUT.

Don't stop and keep a lookin',
But keep goin' straight ahead,
With your heart all full of singin',
And your step a springy tread;
If God is right before you,
And you hear no other voice,
'Twon't be hard for you to listen,
Nor to take him for your choice.

Just keep your heart a bustin',
With his rich and boundless love,
The fullness of his mercy,
Rolling from the fount above;
And know that you for certain,
On his promise can rely,
And keep your courage always,
Dare to venture or to die.

Leave the Devil in the background,
With his mighty load of sin,

Laggin' on and trampin' idly,
You've no room for him within;
Rout the Devil, sham imposter,
Ever watchful on his route,
Sternly turn your back upon him,
Help the world to starve him out.

—o—

ONLY A TRAMP.

Only a tramp with trousers worn,
Hat in tatters and coat all torn,
With shoes so ragged and creeled about,
And sockless feet with toes all out;
There must be a reason,
There must be a why?
That so many tramps are going by.

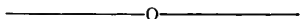
A slender boy with features thin,
And a hungry look enshrouding him;
A motherless boy, who knows? perhaps
With no kind soul to fill up the gaps
In a shattered life, don't call him a scamp,
Give him a meal if he is tramp.

A gray haired man with sunken eye,
That heeds not the beauty of earth or sky;
With tottering limbs and shattered frame,
Almost ready to give up the game;
His heart perhaps with feelings rife,
Deep regrets of a misspent life,
Give him a meal, be kind to him,
The evening shadows are growing dim.

Only a tramp with dirty face,
A name perhaps scarred by digrace;
With stealthy tread and a thievish glance,
If he is a tramp give him a chance
To see that the world is not all bad,
Give him a meal, make his heart glad,

For there must be a reason,
There must be a why,
That so many tramps are going by.

Only a tramp in the twilight dim,
The world seems selfish and mean to him;
On every hand as he goes about,
He hears the stern command, "get out,"
He's sick at heart of this loney plod,
Till he doubts the there ever was a God;
Give him a meal, you never know
When you will have to get up and go;
There must be a reason,
There must be a why,
That so many tramps are going by.



CATHARINE RINKLE'S CHOICE.

Now you don't say? how folks can talk's a wonder-
ment to see,
And now that Sis and Steve are wed, they're pitchin'
it at me;
You say they think that Demmit Green is going to
be my choice,
Guess when it comes to choosin' I'm the one to have
a voice;
If it's any satisfaction, they can let their tatlin'
ring,
But if I know Catharine Rinkle, she'll not be driv
into a thing.

Old Demmit Green, ridiculous! 'twas only yester
morn,
That Sammy Kane was over here a buyin' of some
corn,
"Why, howdy do, Miss Kate," he said, and bringin'
up a cheer,
He talked so crisp and pleasant all the time that he
was here;

He looked so young and likely that I marked him
for my man,
And they say I'm hard to tackle when I fall upon a
plan.

You know the Kanes are thrifty and of Revolution
fame,
And she counts herself quite lucky who can get one
of the name;
It's not just for a woman to be fobbin' off her life,
When she can of her own choosin' say who shall call
her wife,
So I'm settlin' of the question, I think Sammy will
do,
And I mean to answer, "Yes Sir," when he asks me,
wouldn't you?

Lizzie Fipps now listen, did you say that they're
engaged?
I declare, the thought is stunnin', it's set me half
enraged;
Lizzie Fipps! now I'm astonished, with that little
turned up nose,
And her ways so soft and finiky, hardly stripped her
baby clothes;
That's the way with them there youngsters, the
sixteen year old kind,
They're always shovin' in theirselves and leavin' us
behind.

It's no little aggravatin', it's downright mean, now
see
How trickishly she's acted, slippin in twixt Sam and
me;
Well, there's one thing sure about it and I want it
plainly seen,
She may have her Mr. Sammy, but I'll not take
Demmit Green;
The world is full of changes, life its disappoint-
ments bring,

But if I know Catharine Rinkle, she'll not be driv
into a thing.

They needn't think I'll marry him, a man all
shrunk and wizen,
I wish they'd leave my name alone, not couple it with
his'n;
A dozen years ago or more when I was just a chap,
When he'd come around visitin', he was company for
pap,
Now he's a widower, you know, with children ten
or more,
And if his age was rightly guessed 'twould fully be
threescore.

Old Demmit Green they used to say, but don't you
hint a word,
Don't say a thing I tell you or let on like you heard,
He who told it for a fact lies on the hill asleep.
It's whispered all around here that Demmit Green
was fond of sheep;
It was in the winter season too, when mutton was
quite low,
Don't hint a word about it for I can't say as it was so.

I'll never marry Demmit Green, here's Bascom
Runt hard by,
And he's got as beautiful a place as one could wish
to spy,
And just about he'd suit my age, he's handsome
like and slim,
And if I cut my notches right, I'll get a clip at him;
For as I said a woman needn't throw her life away,
When there's plenty of good chances a flippin' past
each day.

The widow who? don't tell me, now, to think of
such a thing,
That he has gone and married that audacious widow
Fling;

With her flirtin' and her floutin' and her constant
beck and call,
He'll wake up to his senses, seein' he's got no brains
at all;
Oh! how foolish, well I hope it, he'll only live to see,
How much better 'twould have been for him if he
had married me.

If I had only known it, you see our farms are
near,
His income could have been his own, I'd had what I
raise here;

What smooth and gentle sailin' like a bird in its
winged flight,
Curious ain't it, how a man will stand in his own
light?
It's a failin' I have watched 'em sail and sail on
high,
Then snuffle at a honey bee and dash off with a fly.

Don't know that Mr. Demmit Green's as bad as
some folks say,
Since he's quit his reckless doin's and learned to
preach and pray;
'Twould be a consolation if he had a helpin' wife,
Towards bringin' up the children and assistin' him
in life;
It's true he's gettin' oldish, his hair is somewhat
gray,
But I'm no young and tender twig, I've past that
many a day.

Now there he goes a ridin' by, just look! how
straight and prim,
It's curious how instinct goes, he knows I'm watchin'
him;
I never saw him look so grand and handsome as
just now,
And did you see him tip his hat and make that grace-
ful bow?

I tell you he looks temptin', he does upon my
word,
But whoever I may marry 'twill be of my own accord.

A SHODDY COMPANION.

As the subject I carefully ponder,
It seems inexcusably rude,
For a woman that's really a woman,
To marry a soft headed dude;
If I were a marrying woman,
Let me give you a hint of my plan,
I'd search till I'd searched the world over,
But what I'd marry a man.

I once knew a handsome young woman,
Who prided herself on her rank,
But listen! the world was astonished
To learn she had married a crank,
If I were a marrying woman,
I'd scorn to have such a ban,
Attached to the name of my family,
If I married I'd marry a man.

The world is astir with good women,
Sensible, honored and brave,
And I deem it a very great pity,
That one should unite with a knave;
If I were a marrying woman,
I'd never fall in with a clan,
That's given' to acting the rascal,
I'd endeavor to marry a man.

There are numbers that follow the fashion,
Of making a skim on the top,
But find and repent it at leisure,—
They've chosen a dandyish fop;
If I were a marrying woman,
I'd hunt from Beersheba to Dan,

Before I'd give up the intention,
If I married, of marrying a man.

It's fearful to think of the women,
That bow at the shrine of Sir Wealth,
So set or determined by nature,
They'd have it though driven to stealth;
If I were a marrying woman,
I'll give the advice while I can,—
When I started to hunt me a husband,
I'd insist on his being a man.

A woman that's really a woman,
Will surely have a hard lot,
If she, in her haste makes a blunder,
And weds with a rough, drunken sot;
If I were a marrying woman
Each offer I'd firmly decline,
Let the doner be handsome or homely,
If it came from a lover of wine.

A woman that's really a woman,
Will certainly make a good wife,
If she hasn't a shoddy companion,
To shove or carry through life;
Truly a woman had better
Fight her own battles alone,
No matter how mighty the warfare,
Than to wed a stupid old drone.

THE LAST BIRTHDAY.

The room was bright and cheerful,
The fire burned aglow,
Kept by fitful blazes
As they chanced to come and go;
The time was in mid winter,
The air was damp and chill,
All day the downy snow flake
Had rested on the sill.

Two of us were sitting
In a quiet musing way,
With careless fingers resting,
It was grandma's last birthday;
The past now kept her thinking
Her life work fully done,
I looked into the future,
Saw mine scarcely begun.

And as we kept on musing,
My dear grandma and I,
A gleaming ray of sunshine,
Broke the western sky;
It brightened wall and carpet,
And danced about the room,
In such a cheerful fashion,
It scattered winter's gloom.

Grandma turned to meet it
And it kissed her sunken cheek,
As it played across her features,
Looking so calm and meek;
But as the sunlight faded
From out the western sky,
And grandma sat and watched it,
A tear dropped from her eye.

"I'm only waiting, dearie,
The shadows gently fall,
To hear the splashing water,
And a tender, loving call;"
I watched the fading twilight,
And wondered could it be,
That my dear and faithful grandma,
Was gliding away from me.

Her hair was thin and snowy,
Her years had been fourscore,
I knew she must be watching,
For a glimpse of the other shore;
I thought as I looked upon her,

I'd never seen such grace,
So rich, so bright and glowing
As it shone from her wrinkled face.

Evening shadows gathered,
Until they filled the room,
The fire had burned to ashes,
The house was draped in gloom;
My dear grandma had answered,
The call had come from Heaven,
Instead of deepening shadows,
Rest, sweet rest was given.

PARTING THE SHADOWS TO LOOK.

It's getting late in the evening,
The fire's died out in the hearth,
And the wind as it rattles the shutter,
Comes in a whirl from the north;
Stir up the fire, my daughter,
And bring up my big arm chair,
It's time I was readin' a chapter,
And sayin' my evenin' prayer.

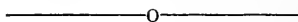
The things of this world now never,
Any more bother my brain,
And years of long hard sufferin'
Have dulled all my bodily pain;
I know I'm nearin' the landin'
Down the long vista of years,
And I'm glad because I'm leavin'
Behind me all the sorrow and tears.

I know that I'm growin' feeble,
That I'm both childish and old,
But then there's none could tell you,
O'er how many flints I've trod;
It's true the life of a being
Has it's own well beaten track,
And now this far on my journey,
I care not to stop and look back.

I'd keep my face on the landin'
My hand on this blessed book,
It evermore teaches the lesson,
Of partin' the shadows to look;
There's hope and there's much consolation,
In view as I throw them aside,
And I see right into the future,
The portals of glory are wide.

There are some who are always ready,
To pity the feeble and old,
I'm sure they'd better be guiding
The stray and lost to the fold;
For those who are only watchful
And stand by the treasured book,
Will find not a jot of trouble,
In parting the shadows to look.

A father in Israel grey and old,
Who carried a heart both true and bold,
Who feared the waters chilly and cold,
On a staff was daily leaning;
An hour spent in calm repose,
As daylight into drakness grows,
From his downy couch he slowly goes,
His life well spent in gleaning.



DON'T FORGET.

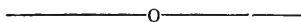
Don't forget to love me,
I need that love right now,
While life blood flows,
And pink flush glows,
O'er cheek and lip and brow,
Then don't forget.

Don't forget to praise me,
I crave the praise today,
My heart's great want,

Is not to flaunt,
While on my earthly stay,
Then don't forget.
Don't forget to tell me
My faults are trivial too,
For words like these,
My heart will please,
Words spoken thus by you,
Then don't forget.

Then don't forget, oh! don't forget,
These things I ask in time,
So may I know
That you bestow,
On me these thoughts sublime,
Then don't forget.

Then don't forget, please don't forget,
For all these things to me,
When time has fled
And I am dead
Will vain and foolish be,
Then don't forget.



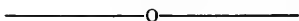
I AM OLDER NOW.

The years in their sweeping touched lightly,
There was sunshine on heart and brow
But each coming New Year,
Brings eternity near,
Because I am older now.

Life in its beauty is fleeting,
It passes you scarcely know how,
But each coming New Year,
To me brings no fear,
Because I am older now.

Youth with its hopeful tomorrow,
Enjoys the years, I trow,
Yet to me they are sweet,
Though a little more fleet,
Because I am older now.

Time with his certain reminder,
For he always keeps his vow,
Rolls on with each year,
Though he brings a sad tear,
And I am older now.



AN OLD FASHIONED THANKSGIVING DAY.

Grandma sat in the same old chair,
In the chimney corner old,
She had claimed this seat for many a year,
Through pleasant days and cold;
In early times when her face was young,
And her dress was soft and gay,
And her hair was shiny and soft as silk,
On the old Thanksgiving day.

Then her children with dimpled hands
Frolicked about her knee,
She sweetly smiled and knitted on,
As she watched their childish glee;
Now her hair is snowy white,
Each strand has turned to gray,
And her children's children gay and bright,
Are the babies she knows today.

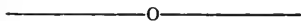
So "Mattie," says she, as I sat near by,
And listened to hear her say,
"Don't forget tomorrow, my child,
You know it's Thanksgiving day;
Fill the kettle full to the top,
Give it a lively boil,

The chickens should be well dressed today,
And salted ready to broil.

“The ham should be tender, juicy and nice,
The turkey baked brown and right,
The cakes should be rich and good to the taste,
And the bread both snowy and light;
Give the pantry a turn, my dear,
Bring out the jellies best,
And as you are going the rounds today,
Just give the pickles a test.

“Change the linen on every bed,
Put on the coverlets rare;
Open the windows and doors wide,
To let in the fresh, clean air;
Send for the children far and near,
Let them be merry and gay,
There’s time for this, you know, my dear,
Tomorrow’s Thanksgiving day.

“Our barns are heaped to the rafters high,
Our garner’s running o’er.,
Our country is blessed with peace and health,
Then who should be thankful more?
Once more for me before I die,
Do things in an old time way,
And let us enjoy together again
An old fashioned Thanksgiving day.



DRIFTED APART.

When they were united in wedlock,
He loved her fondly, I know,
For he often kised her so kindly,
And tenderly told her 'twas so;

Often he'd sit close by her,
And call her his dear little wife,
He'd say as he smoothed her dark tresses
That she was the joy of his life.

If she with her work grew weary,
Or had a bad gloomy day,
And a tear would steal to her eyelids,
How quickly he kissed it away,
Often and often she'd wonder,
If women had ever before,
Been blest with such a companion,
Or would be again evermore.

Time rushed them right into the future,
But somehow they drifted apart,
Though the great gulf that keeps them asunder
Was shallow and near at the start,
His business was urgent and pressing,
Hers turned to a burdensome care,
And the troubles and sorrows of others
Neither one wanted to share.

She sits at the head of his table,
With dignity wears his proud name,
She gives him the courtesy due him,
He graciously returns the same;
Their halls are filled with bright splendor,
They visit the witty and wise,
To the world they are really living,
And yet they are in a disguise.

Often her heart with its aching,
Sighs for the same happy day,
When he with his love and his kindness
Kissed softly her tears all away;
The world with its beauty and gladness,
Can't fill the void in a heart,
Nor bind in loving affection,
Together those drifted apart.

MAY DAY.

I set the bucket by the brink,
And stooped to dip the cup
Down in the water dark and blue,
That bubbled nicely up;
I saw my shadow clear and plain,
Thinks I, it must be May,
Thinks I again, why sure enough,
This is the very day.

The very day, long years ago,
I watched with eager look,
For Simon's face down in the spring
That fed the babbling brook;
So down upon a rock I sat,
But not with girlish fears,
As once I watched the water blue,
Way back in early years.

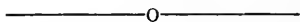
I looked now in the depths below,
For what I knew of life,
For all the real incidents
Since I had been a wife;
When lo! a shadow by me fell,
Into the water blue,
I watched it; "well indeed," says I,
"Simon, that must be you."

"That's who it is, down by my side—
Who'd thought of such a thing,
That Deacon Simon McIntosh
Would lock into a spring?
It looked right foolish in him now,
We both looked in once more,
"Do things look as they did," says he,
"In old time days of yore?"

"The trees look just as fresh and green,
I hear the birds," says I,

"The breeze blows gently on my cheek,
There's brightness in the sky,
These never change," says I to him,
"But there's your face and mine,
Marked heavy by the passing years,
With shadow and with line."

"This proves to me," says I to him,
"That we are growing old,
Our lives will pass directly, as
A tale that has been told."
"Well likely some one else," says he
Will step into our place,
And foolish too, as we have been,
Their futures try to trace."



THE CHILD'S INHERITANCE.

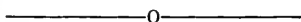
"Hello, Johnnie, where's your boots?
I see your naked toes;
See mine how nice and warm they are,
Not cold and red like yours.
Aren't you afraid to venture out,
For fear the rag man sly,
Will take you off with him some day,
When he comes straggling by?"

And little Sam with dignity,
Stuck out his buttoned shoe,
That Johnnie with his naked feet,
Might have a better view;
He drew his form to fullest height,
Dressed in his Sunday best,
His coat and pants a perfect fit,
With closely buttoned vest.

"Your father keeps a rum shop, Sam,
I think it's quite a shame,
He gets the money I should have,

I'm not the one to blame;
My father like some other men,
Is fond of bowl and cup,
And every nickel he can get,
He's sure to drink it up."

"Now don't you see, the clothes you wear
Are just and rightly mine,
Your father has the money now,
Mine drank the poison wine,
I'm scorned and mocked by such as you,
Starvation's all the chance,
Shame and disgrace are all I'll have
For my inheritance."



REMEMBER ME WITH GLADNESS.

When time shall throw around thee
The heavy cloak of years,
When sorrow with its sadness
Shall fill thine eyes with tears,
O, then I'll watch around thee
With love and tender care,
I'll soothe thy troubled spirit
And in thy sorrows share.

When sickness shall bereave thee
Of all thy treasured health,
When misfortune too shall rob thee
Of all thy untold wealth,
O then I'll watch beside thee,
And cool thy heated brow;
I'll ward away thy troubles
And love thee then as now.

When friends shall all forsake thee
And thy lot be lonely here;
When the world shall seem so gloomy
And thy heart be filled with fear;

O remember me with gladness
For my heart shall still be thine,
Thine in sighing, thine in sadness,
Thine and only thine.

WAITING.

Grandpa sits in his cushioned chair,
With grandma at his side,
Waiting now, their lives have reached,
The shadows of eventide;
Grandpa's features are calm and still,
Grandma's too, from her white cap frill.

Grandpa's hair is white as snow,
Grandma's is frosty too,
Many a winter they have seen,
Their summers neither are few;
And now they quietly sit and wait,
To hear a call from the opening gate.

Grandpa's step is short and weak,
Grandma's is very slow,
They walk with either a cane or staff,
And totter as they go;
The journey for them is full of years,
They've battled with many a sorrow and tears.

The steady life-work hard and rough,
Is now already done,
Two faithful stewards watch the rays
Of a fast declining sun;
A few more days of shadowy weather,
Their walk in life will be done forever.

When they've crossed the river wide,
And are safe on the other shore,
Where anxious waiting is never known,
And sorrows and tears are o'er;
Then they will enter into a rest,
Prepared for His own eternally blest.

TELL ME "YES."

Tell me "yes," you'll miss me
When I'm gone from hence away,
The time is coming shortly,
Coming in a future day,
When you may wait my coming,
Tell me then you'll miss the humming
Of my voice on that day,
Tell me "yes," without delay.

Tell me "yes," you love me,
With a heart both kind and true,
That you'll ever be as faithful,
As I have been to you;
Tell me "yes," I'm in a hurry,
I am almost in a flurry,
Tell me "yes," I ask of you
Or I will think you are untrue.

Tell me "yes," you'll love me,
All that time that I am gone,
That your thoughts will sometime wander
At the close of eve or morn;
To the spot where I am staying,
Or the place where I am straying,
With a sad heart and forlorn,
Tell me "yes," before I'm gone;

Then I will bear with patience
All the cares upon my way,
Without one sigh or murmur,
As I trudge on day by day;
All my burdens will seem lighter,
All my days will be much brighter,
I will go on blithe and gay,
Tell me "yes," just once I pray.

I KNOW YOU WILL BE GLAD.

Some day I know you will be glad,
That every thought of you
Dwells with a freshness soft and sweet,
Down in my heart anew.

Some day when care has left your side,
And you have time for thought,
You'll see how much your life has missed,
And left you none save naught.

Some night perhaps, some dreary night,
When you're heart-sick with grief,
And not one comes to comfort you,
Or bring you quick relief,

Then you with weary eyelids shut
Will dream of kisses light,
Of restful fingers pushing back
Your hair so soft and bright.

Oh, then I know you will be glad
That you are in my heart,
And that your home will still be there
Although we roam apart.



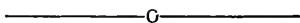
MY BOATMAN.

My boatman is a goodly lad,
His heart is true and brave,
I've trusted all I have to him,
My life upon the wave,
We've traveled many a mile together,
Through calm as well as stormy weather.

My boatman is a sturdy lad,
His arms are good and strong,
Our boat runs smooth and steady too,
With oars tough and long,
If I, with care will steer for him,
He rows with much more force and vim.

But if I, sitting in the stern,
Forget or careless steer,
And overlook the snags or whirls,
That we are passing near,
We're hindered then as on we go,
The boat is harder much to row.

My boatman with a pleasant smile,
Lets out the oars full length,
And as we thus together go,
Looks upward for his strength,
With heavenly wisdom for a guide,
He neither fears the storm nor tide.



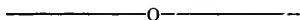
MY RUSTY PEN.

I looked and looked the whole place over,
In every old box with dusty cover,
In every drawer with rubbish old,
In every corner I thought would hold
As small a thing as my old pen,—
I had seen it at times, now and then,—
My dear old pen with point so fine,
For me had written many a line.

For days I sought the little elf,
At last behind the old clock shelf
I spied it close against the wall,
The prop had kept it from a fall;
So I, with chisel prized it out,
And turned the handle right about,
For many a long, long dreary year,
My pen had thus lain hidden here.

Then with my apron checked and blue,
I rubbed away the dusty hue,
I scraped the rust and made it shine,
Before 'twould write a single line;

So long behind the old clock shelf,
'Twas dull and rusty like myself,
And so I rubbed my ideas bright,
My pen was ready then to write.



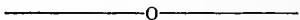
LINES.

The cow is feeding down the lane,
She has nothing at all to bother her brain;
 No ups and downs, no ugly frowns,
No doubtful questions of right and wrong,
As she slowly and steadily trudges on.

The little dog runs on by my side,
His eyes with a twinkle are open wide,
 He'll dance and play all the long day,
No thought of sorrow clouds his brow,
He's all the time barking, his "Bow, wcw, wow."

The nice little kitten plays with a glee,
It runs and skips and hops like a flea,
 It never is sad or ever gets mad,
No burden of care ever fills its breast,
It eats its food and quietly rests.

While we may toil from day to day,
Ne'er having a minute of time to play,
 How thankful should we forever be
That we can be as light hearted and free,
As merry as they and as full of glee.



TEKEL.

A crowd had gathered on the green,
To witness an impartial scene,
The scales were ready hanging grand,

Supported by an unseen hand,
And many "fair ones" hoped the test
Would prove to her, to be the best.

A father placed his daughter there,
Her dress was made with every care,
Her frizzled hair near hid her face,
She wore the richest kind of lace,
But her look was bold and one could see
She fain would say, "Just look at me."

All her dresing proved in vain,
The scales would not descend again,
And yet her look was very proud,
But "tekel, tekel," sang the crowd,
She, just here, had run her race
And some one else must take her place.

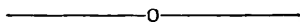
A husband then with tender care,
Looked down upon his wife so fair,
He felt as if she could not fail
To move the stubborn testing scale,
But still he added jewels more
Before she stepped upon the floor.

She waited, but 'twas all in vain,
She stamped her foot with rage and pain.
Despite the anger in her face,
The scales would still keep in their place,
And "tekel, tekel," from the hill
Was echoed through the air so still.

Thus several times the scales were tried,
But "tekel, tekel," still was cried,
Until at last a slender form
With modest look and kindly tone,
Moved slowly forward from the crowd,
Whose murmurings now became so loud.

Her face with purity did glow,
She had the garb of honor wore,
And Faith's strong arm supported her,
Amid the loud tumultuous cheer,

The balance then not long to wait,
Moved slowly downward with its freight,
Until it rested on the ground,
Then "tekcl, tekcl," did not sound.



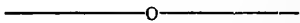
MOONLIGHT.

We have felt the thrill of music low
Which o'er the soul hath swept,
Like the boundless waves of the midnight deep,
Whose billows rise and toss and leap,
As though they ne'er had slept.

We have heard the language of flowers sweet,
Speak more to the heart than ear,
Which lingers long and low and loud,
And touches tenderly every chord,
Like the fairy's notes we hear.

We have felt the spell steal o'er the soul,
When in the enchanted ear,
The voice of eloquence low and grave,
Tells of a young heart loving and brave,
Who sorrow should never fear.

But moonlight tends to inspire our hearts
With a holier, happier love,
It charms the soul, it melts the heart,
It makes the tear to rise and start,
As dewdrops from above.



CHERRIES.

I was sitting by the table with paper, pen and ink,
When I heard a gentle rapping and what else do
you think?

Why, I rose and went directly and opened wide the
door

And he smiled and said, Good evening," as he stepped
upon the floor.

So I left alone my writing and handed him a chair,
And we talked of times together, of the weather
bright and fair,

And I thought he looked quite pleasant as we chatted
on and on,

But I found what was the matter before I'd been
there long.

He said he had a letter which he'd brought for me
from town,

And he took it from his pocket and handed it right
down,

He handled it so careful that I turned and looked
to see

If it really was a letter he had brought from town
for me.

I saw it was no letter, it was only just in fun,
But I took the tidy bundle and soon had it all un-
done,

It was full of red, ripe cherries he had gathered
from the tree,

And because he knew I liked them he had brought
them down to me.

They were so sweet and juicy, so large and fine and
red,

I thought them quite the nicest that I'd ever seen,
I said,

Not thinking for a moment that beneath the fruit
so gay,

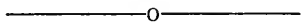
There was a line so dainty hidden from my sight
away.

I really much enjoyed the fruit so red and round,
And had then so many that the bottom I had found,

When on looking then so closely what else should
I do,
But read somewhat astonished, "I've a single eye for
you."

Just then I didn't notice what he'd hidden so away,
And thought I'd ask him something when he'd come
another day,
If he'd answer just one question that I'd accidentally
found
And which on leap years only ladies could with
right propound.

If he knows just when the alphabet will have one
letter less,
I would like for him to tell me when he has the
time to guess,
I think it's just as easy and plain as it can be,
And sometime in the future he will its meaning see.



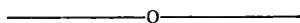
WHEN I GROW OLD.

You say it doesn't matter
If my hair is turning gray,
That I'll always be as handsome
As I am just now today.

You tell me that you love me,
And call me good and kind,
You say a truer, better heart
You ne'er on earth could find.

I know it isn't flattery
Or a foolish, silly song,
'Tis not just idle talking
For you've told me this too long.

'Tis love from out a fountain,
From a heart that won't grow cold,
Oh, what a bliss in knowing
I'll be loved when I grow old.



I KISS THE ROD.

When early autumn days were brief,
Before the forest cast the leaf;
When golden sunbeams softly played,
By stealing dances in the shade
Of forest oaks on the steep hillside,
They dug a grave so deep and wide;
A manly form was wrapped and laid
Down in the grave so newly made.

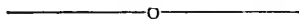
The mockbird stirred the nearest tree.
And sang his warbling song of glee,
The whistle keen of the gay red bird
With low of cattle too was heard,
Borne on wings of zephyrs bright,
Light by beams of bright sunlight,
My heart was sad, for death that day
Had taken from me one bright ray.

The heart so free, the step so light,
The eye that shone so clear and bright,
The arm so strong, the shoulder broad,
Were laid to sleep beneath the sod;
That day a spirit passed from earth
And left a sad and lonely hearth,
Passed through the pearly gates above,
And now sings anthems full of love.

My heart is sad though years have passed
Since eyes looked love to eyes the last,
For memory brings me back today
Sweet recollections of that ray,

Which cruel death stole from my heart
And bid forever from me part,
Today that spirit dwells with God,
And I in meekness kiss the rod.

When sorrow presses hard my brain,
When sickness gives me grief or pain,
When toil and care beset my way,
And sore vexations day by day
Across my pathway smoothly glide,
And try my pleasure all to hide,
I in submission kiss the rod
That's given by the hand of God.



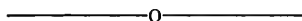
MY ALBUM.

My album is a precious book,
I often, often through it look,
At friendly faces far yet near,
Whose happy smiles forever cheer
My lonely heart in gloomy hours,
As raindrops do the sweet May flowers.

Among the many faces here
There's one to me that's very dear,
With lips so turned that all the while
I trace a happy lingering smile;
Whose eyes are of the richest brown,
And brow that never wore a frown.

Here as I in my fingers hold
The book with leaves so stiff and cold,
The mouth looks as it fain would speak,
And glows a life-look on the cheek;
I feel as though I almost see
The heart that's beating there for me

My album is a precious thing
To me such pleasant thought to bring
It holds the treasure of my heart
I would not, would not from it part.



I'LL CARE NAUGHT.

I'll soon be growing old, dear,
There'll be wrinkles on my brow,
That Father Time will furrow out,
With his old and time-worn plow;
But I'll care naught for furrows,
Across my smooth, broad brow,
If you'll prove the same you always have
And love me then as now.

And soon, I know, my raven hair
That's now as dark as night,
Will change its shiny glossiness
For frosted silver white;
But I'll care naught for silver threads
My heart will ne'er grow cold,
If you'll prove the same you always have,
And love me when I'm old.

I know I'll grow quite feeble,
As old age comes surely on,
My step will lose its lightness
And my heart its blithesome song;
But I'll care naught for all of these,
If you'll ever be to me
The same support and comforter
That you've always proved to be.



WASHING THE DISHES.

Oh, I tell you it's delightful
When you've had a hearty meal,
And are a little tired,
Just enough to make you feel
As if you'd like to rest a while,
And have a family chat,
But the dishes are to clear away,
Now only think of that.

There is not a single housewife
In all this goodly land,
But what has washed the dishes
And can truly understand,
What a dull and prosy job it is,
Just think, three times a day,
No matter how the weather goes,
They must be cleared away.

I can't say that I mind the work,
For husband and the rest,
Just three of us in family,
But I'll tell you without jest,
If I have to wash the dishes
For the boarders day by day,
There's lots of hard work in it,
I want good and ready pay.

I always want my dishes
To be very clean and bright,
The glassware must be shiny,
The plates wiped dry and right;
And everything with neatness,
Set away upon the shelf,
If the kitchen maid don't do it,
Then I'll do it so myself.

It's not the loveliest kind of work,
For housewives old or new,
There are many, many other things

I'd much prefer to do;
When I was quite a little girl
'Twas much against my wishes,
It's still the same thing to me yet,
This washing greasy dishes.

MY PETS.

I have a cat, a pretty cat, as spotted as can be,
It always goes so nice and clean and thinks so much
of me,
I prize my cat so very much, indeed, I'd grieve to
know,
That any harm should come to it, I love my kitty so.

I have three pets, three other pets, three pretty
little birds,
They build their nests and warble out their merry,
birdish words;
My little birds are very tame and very handsome
too,
If any one should hurt my birds I don't know what
I'd do.

Another pet I have as yet, the best pet of the lot,
My husband is the other pet, the dearest one I've
got,
I love him best of all the rest, his heart's so true
and kind,
I'm sure I never, never could another such one find

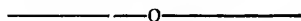
His arm so strong sustains me, 'long the journey of
my life,
And all the time he's telling me he loves his little
wife,
He points me to a better world, far better world
than this,
Where all our sorrows, cares and toils will melt
away in bliss.

IT ISN'T RIGHT NOR PROPER.

It isn't right nor proper,
When a lady has a beau,
If she thinks he's good and handsome,
For her to tell him so;
She can treat him in a manner
So that he will know,
Just what she thinks about him
Before he starts to go.

It isn't right nor proper
When a lady has a call,
For to mention anything
About the coming ball;
If the young man wants her company
He's sure to tell her so,
Or say something about it
Before he starts to go.

It isn't right nor proper
When a lady says, "goodbye,"
To her company that's leaving,
To kiss him on the sly;
It isn't right nor proper
For him to offer so,
And I should give him what he's needing
Just as he starts to go.



THE DOUBLE GRAVE.

They dug a grave so neatly,
And made it plenty wide,
So they laid the two together,
Down gently side by side;
As they had walked together
Many long, long, dreary years,
Bearing burdens for each other,
Sharing joys, griefs and tears.

Our father was quite lively,
Full of mirth and joyous glee,
And every day he'd sing to us
And trot us on his knee;
Of course we loved him dearly,
He was such a hand to pet,
And the happy times we had with him
We never will forget.

We loved our mother dearly,
She looked so pale and sad,
She was never gay and lively
As our father was, and glad;
Her face so calm and lovely
Lies within our memory yet,
She taught us many a lesson
We never can forget.

I know they must be happy,
In our Father's house above,
Walking in the brightness
Of His heavenly grace and love;
They are free from all the sorrow
Of this weary world of pain;
Not for anything in reason
Would I call them back again.

Now my hair is touched with silver,
And I know it can't be long,
Till I'll meet them over yonder,
Where they sing their happy song;
Yet I never stand beside them
Where they've lain so many years,
With my weary heart and sadness
Without shedding bitter tears.

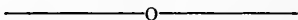


THE GREAT TEACHER.

There's a teacher whom I know,
To his school I sometimes go;
He is wiser than a sage,
And his hair is white with age;
And his step is just as light,
While his smile is full as bright,
As it ever was in youth,
And he's just the same for truth;
He'll teach on for many a day,
In his own peculiar way.

This great teacher, old and gray,
Teaching on from day to day,
With his own peculiar rule,
In the way he keeps his school;
While he teaches lessons dear
Many a hard one does he hear;
Still he always has a way
To make work instead of play,
So it's said that every fool
Will learn in no other school.

This old teacher, yet still young
Has a smooth and endless tongue;
When you've once been in his school
You will not forget his rule,
For he never fails to bind
His impressions on the mind,
If it's good or evil been
It is all alike to him;
He teaches all the same,
Now I know you'll guess his name.



THINK.

Think, oh! think of the homeless poor,
In rags and tatters old;
With naked feet exposed to the sleet,
And winter wind so cold.

Think of the sick who tossing lay
On a couch of torturing pain;
With an uneasy bed and an aching head
As fever burns the brain.

Think of the blind who never see
The beauties of earth and sky;
The day so bright is as dark as night
To the sunken and sightless eye.

Think of the lame who never walk
But quietly sit all day;
Who never can run or engage in the fun
That makes life joyous and gay.

Think of the deaf who never hear
The mockbird's lovely song,
The melodies rare that fill the air
Are lost to them all day long.

Think of the sailor tossed away
On the billowy ocean wave,
With a slippery deck or his boat a wreck,
On the brink of a watery grave.

Think of the heathen far away,
The darkness wraps his soul,
No pity he gives, in blindness he lives
As the years to eternity roll.

Then think of yourself, the pleasure and joy,
The comforts and luxuries rare
With which you are blessed; by friends
you're caressed;
Can say you have scarcely a care.

LETTERS.

How much we do enjoy
A letter good and kind,
From a friend or dear relation,
We have long since left behind;
Such real talking letters
Giving all the latest news,
From the old home and the country,
We never do refuse.

There's another kind of letter,
Not so full of jolly news,
But still we always like them
When we count the cash by twos;
These money order letters,
We are certain never fail
Always to be as welcome
As any in the mail.

There is still another letter
We'll be sure and not forget,
In a small and scented cover
That young people mostly get;
We have all, if not right lately,
With such missives played a part,
And we know, too, just exactly,
How they affect the heart.

There is yet another letter,
Shaded all across the back,
Oh! how sad to get such letters,
So deeply marked with black;
These the saddest of all letters,
The only ones we dread,
They tell us before opening
That some loved one must be dead.

OLD TIME RAINY DAYS.

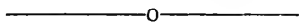
In the days of long ago
Such as grown-up people know;
When the showers fresh and mild
And gently as a lovely child
Fell so softly on the earth,
Where the flowers have their birth;
On such rainy days as these
I was happy as you please.

I would sit the whole day long,
Now and then my merry song,
Ringing out upon the air,
In a childish voice and clear;
Sit down flat upon the floor,
Close to window sill or door,
With my dollies all you know,
And for them I'd stitch and sew,
Stitch and sew and sing my song,
No rainy day was ever long.

Now, since I have older grown,
And more of the world I've known,
I spend my rainy days
In many different ways;
In a cosy, sheltered nook
With a good and useful book,
Far away from all the noise
Of the children and their toys,
I like to spend an hour
As I listen to the shower.

When I tire of the book,
That I've read within my nook,
And my sleepy eyelids close
Till I'm almost in a doze,
Then upon the downy bed
I sometimes lay my head,
And forget all in a nap,
While the heavy rain-drops rap,

Rap upon my window pane,
And I in my dreams again
Go far back to childhood plays,
To my dollie and her ways.

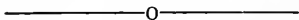


DAISIE'S IDEA.

Little Daisie bright as May,
In her own sweet childish way,
Called to mamma, "Do you know
Who makes thunder clouds and snow?
Who makes all the pretty flowers
And sends the rain-drops down in showers?"

Mamma answered, "God makes these,
All the flowers, birds and trees;
God gives us all we have to eat,
All the good things, bread and meat;
God is good and kind, you see,
He gave little Daisie, too, to me."

With a queer light in her eyes
She asked, "Who made so many flies?"
Mamma answered, "God made flies,
He made us, too, the bright, blue skies."
She gave her hands a little clapping,
"If God made flies he needs a slapping."



IN THE EVENING.

In the evening when the twilight shadows gather
fast and fall,
Like long dark specters on the floor and up against
the wall;
When the day is softly fading as sombre night
draws nigh,
And the twinkling stars come peeping one by one
out of the sky,

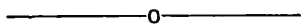
Then I listen for the footsteps of the one I love the best,
It is time then for his coming when the day goes out to rest.

In the summer when the breezes soft and warm around me blow,
And I, peering through the twilight, see the fire-fly's bright glow,
Then I often with my bonnet slowly walk down to the stile,
And as I watch and listen, sit and wait there for a while,
Till I see his stately figure in the distance far away,
I never fail to know it through the evening dark and gray.

The lamp is burning brightly sitting close by on the stand;
The tea table is ready with urn and cups at hand;
And the room is looking cheerful with the curtains drawn, I know,
And the grate filled up to level with a bright and cheery glow;
All things ready for the night-time after evening closes day,
And the sun with all its brightness is far out of sight away.

In the evening when he's rested from his long and weary walk,
I sit down close beside him and we have an old-time talk,
Talk about the times and weather, the events of the day,
Of the news that's always floating in the town across the way;
How much I do enjoy these evening chats all round
For the day is always lonely when he's over in the town.

In the evening of our life-time when the gloomy
 shadows fall,
On the carpet we have trodden and against our cot-
 tage wall;
When our day is swiftly gliding into far off, unknown
 night,
May we watch beside each other, for the star that
 shines so bright,
For the star that lights the pathway to heaven but
 to bless,
May our footsteps still be guided by the Sun of
 Righteousness.



CLIMB UPWARD.

Some like to flash and cut a dash
 And make an outward shine,
In ribbons gay and bright array
 In dressing rich and fine.

Some plainly say in their own way,
 Unless you have the chink,
You're beneath a call from them at all,
 Of you they never think.

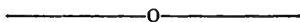
Some folks you know in for a show,
 Are not a solid kind,
They never keep a thought that's deep
 So shallow is their mind.

They are like a light that flashes bright,
 A good light of the kind,
That's all about it; when its out
 It leaves no trace behind.

The greatest men that's ever been
 Lived in plainly style,
With spirit right and ideas bright
 Climbed upward after awhile.

The roughest ground that's ever found
May bear the greenest tree,
The honey good we use for food
Comes from the ugly bee.

The coarsest vine we see entwine
May bear the sweetest flower,
The darkest cloud with thunder loud,
May send a gentle shower.



BUT ONCE.

You live your life but once,
It is short, then work fast,
Then work fast;
Time never stops to wait,
A moment will not last,
Will not last.

You live your life but once,
What you do, do it well,
Do it well;
And leave something behind,
When you go, that will tell,
That will tell.

You live your life but once,
Cast your lot on the right,
On the right;
The Master'll know the side,
Where you fall in the fight,
In the fight.

You live your life but once,
Read the word and obey,
And obey;
Be ready for the call,
When it comes, watch and pray,
Watch and pray.

UNDER THE SNOW.

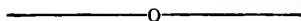
Under the snow the daisy low
Lies hid in its little cup,
In early spring the sun will bring
The daisy sprouting up.

Under the snow the leaves' brown glow
On the cold, damp earth is pressed.
On some warm day in sunny May
They'll come out newly dressed.

Under the snow millions we know
Of winter seed are wrapped,
But the warm, bright sun will cause each one
To spring from its bed green capped.

Under the snow hearts lie low
And tired forms there rest,
With faces white and eyes once bright
Our friends we loved the best.

The light of a morn will flash at dawn
In the faces of those we love,
And a gentle voice will bid them rejoice
As He calls them to Him above.



DON'T WORRY.

Two country farmers staid and plain,
One on each side of Shady Lane,
Had lived for years as neighbors should
And only as good neighbors could,
And yet these men were not at all,
Nay, less alike than spring and fall.

Neighbor Thompson stormed all day,
If any mishap crossed his way;
He rode poor Dolly in a dash

To town and back just like a flash;
He'd storm at wife to milk the cow,
And try with her to raise a row;
He'd yell for Tom to come with Rover
And turn the calves in on the clover;
And all day long from morn till night
'Twas farmer Thompson's chief delight,
To puff and fume and make more noise
Than twenty-five rough, romping boys,
By farmer Thompson's worrying ways
He didn't live out half his days.

On the other side of Shady Lane,
Lived farmer Thompson's neighbor Blane,
In all the country far around
A better man was nowhere found,
If he couldn't always have his way,
He wouldn't have a word to say,
He never wore a scowl or frown,
He took his time to ride to town,
Every day was just the same
With farmer Thompson's neighbor Blane,
And farmer Blane, a prudent sage,
Lived to see a ripe old age.



THE GRAVE IN THE FOREST.

Where the heavy oak in the forest grows,
And the poplar shivers at rain and snows,
Where the maple buds the first in spring,
And the mother sparrow her young ones bring,
To wallow and feed in the wavy grass,
Near the dusty road where travelers pass,
There is a grave where some one sleeps,
And mournful winds his wild dirge keeps.

The weary stranger in his ride,
Rests beside the lone grave's side,
He bares his brow to the passing breeze,

In the cool, deep shade of the forest trees,
A tear of sorrow falls from his eye,
His bosom heaves a heartfelt sigh,
As he sadly looks on a grave so lone,
In the gloomy forest, marked by a stone.

The thoughts of the rider tenderly stray,
To the quiet sleeper buried away;
Was it a father worn and old,
Resting here in the grave so cold?
Do the children miss his wrinkled face?
Does mother grieve o'er the vacant place?
Or is it a soldier strong and brave,
Sleeping now in this forest grave?

Is it a husband true and kind,
Leaving a tender, young wife behind?
Do her saddened eyes with tears grow dim,
As she tremblingly watches and waits for him?
Or is it a brother, one whose care
For years had watched o'er a sister fair?
His manly protection keeping off fear,
Maybe a brother like this lies here.

Perhaps the sleeper was young and fair,
With heavy curls of glossy hair,
Perhaps a father's pride and joy,
Or a mother's only darling boy;
Petted and spoiled by every one,
But now he sleeps his work is done.
The stranger turning, rode away,
From the lonely spot on that sunny day.

The summers come and winters go,
The daises bloom and red leaves glow,
The forest grave can yet be seen,
Neath growing grass both fresh and green,
The sleeper'll rest till some bright morn,
He'll hear the sound of a trumpet horn,
A shining light will glow in his face,
Then he'll be up and claim his place.

MEMORY'S BOOK.

As we turn the pages backward,
And review with steady look,
All the marks and heavy scratches
On the leaves of memory's book,
Here we breathe a sigh of sorrow,
And we then resolve again
What we put down for tomorrow,
Shall be written neat and plain.

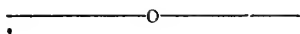
But tomorrow often brings us
Things we least expect to see,
Heavy losses, disappointment,
Billows rolling furiously;
And before we scarcely know it,
Down we put another blot,
Then the pages of our memory
Bear another colored spot.

Early written lines of memory
Wear a clean unsullied look,
Those we dashed off in our childhood,
More than any in the book;
Here we trace sweet recollections,
Of a life as bright as May,
Not a blot or scratch upon it,
Verses full of joyous play.

Turning slowly further onward,
Leaving childhood's sunny page,
Soon we reach the crooks and dashes
Made more in mature age;
Here mistakes occur quite often
Sometimes written very plain,
Sometimes with a hand unsteady
Rubbed out and made right again.

We often turn to memory
With a sadness and regret
For the many checkered places
In our lives we can't forget;

Then again we turn with gladness
To its pages bright and plain,
Written in life's happy moments,
Not a tear to blot or stain.



OLD MAIDS.

Miss Betsy was as good a maid
As ever lived in life.
She would have been to some nice man
A darling of a wife,
She made herself so handy too
'Twas always strange to see
How good and patiently she worked,
How useful she could be.

Her pancakes were just beautiful,
Her cherry pie was fine,
There was not a thing she couldn't cook
All up and down the line;
She always cleaned the house for Kate,
And mended shirts for Lee,
She washed and ironed too at times,
How useful she could be.

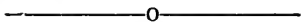
Miss Betsy was a splendid hand
At any kind of work,
She'd always been so useful too,
She'd never learned to shirk;
Now all old maids are just the same—
Not counting out the cost—
They serve to remind us still
Of chances that are lost.

THE PICTURE HANGING ON THE WALL.

The picture hanging on the wall,
Past recollections doth recall,
'Tis of a maiden young and fair,
With heavy braids of nut brown hair;
With slender form and youthful grace,
And beauty stamped upon her face.

That picture's hung upon the wall
Full many a winter, spring and fall,
This maiden's changed, she's old and gray,
Her youthful days have passed away,
Her form is stooped, her step is slow,
Her days are numbered here below.

And so old time with steady pace,
Goes trudging onward in the race,
The young grow old as summers fade,
In lonely churchyards graves are made;
Such is life; what blooms today
Tomorrow goes fast to decay.



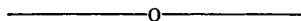
LIFE.

Stretched out wide before us
Is a broad and mighty sea,
It is bounded first by Time,
By the next, Eternity,
And upon its crested waters float
The graceful forms of many a boat.

Each boat should have an anchor
To prevent it's being lost,
When the billows roll around it
And it is so tempest tossed,
The cable should be good and strong,
Plenty of cord to make it long.

When the sun is shining brightly,
And the craft will steady float,
Then the anchor rests securely
On the deck of every boat,
But when raging billows roll
The anchor should the boat control.

This rolling sea before us
Is the mighty sea of life;
Man is the boat upon it
And the anchor is the wife;
The cable that unites the two,
A cord of love and should be true.



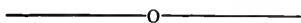
LIFE'S TURNINGS.

I saw the laughing baby
With sparkling eyes of blue,
With curling yellow ringlets
And lips of rosy rue,
Climb up and kiss his mother,
And lay his little head
To rest upon her bosom,—
The baby's safest bed.

Again I saw the baby
When he almost was a man,
Stoop and say to mother,
"Now kiss me while you can,
I've something nice to tell you,"
His mother's his best friend,
If he can't tell her his secrets
Then on whom can he depend?

I saw the self same baby
When its life was in its prime,
Before his brow was furrowed
By the hand of Father Time,

On his arm was feebly leaning
His dear mother, still his friend,
But their lives had had a turning,
She on him now must depend.



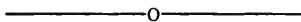
A SOLILOQUY.

The wind blows chilly and cold today,
The rain keeps pattering over the way,
The clouds past by with a heavy frown,
The leaves are turning from russet to brown;
I'm sad today.

The vine shakes drearily 'gainst the wall,
As the heavy raindrops patter and fall,
On the chilly earth so damp and cold,
Just as they did in days of old,
And still I'm sad today.

This world's as cold and damp to me,
As the chilly earth now seems to be,
To the autumn flowers so pale and still
Growing beneath my window sill;
I'm sad today.

I sigh for an hour of quiet rest,
To lean my head on a loving breast,
And hear kind words in a tender tone,
From a heart that I know is all my own;
I'd be no more sad but gay.



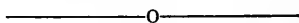
NEVER, NEVER!

I'll forget you? never! never!
In the future by and by,
When the miles are long between us,
And I know you can't be nigh;

Now, don't say those words, you pain me,
For indeed, it can't be true,
That my love will e'er be lessened,
I can love but one, that's you.

Old Time may throw around me
The heavy cloak of years,
May fill my heart with sadness,
Then with sighing, then with tears.
But I'll ever love you fondly,
'Tis implanted in my breast,
And no hand can rudely rob me,
Of the treasure where it rests.

When the tide of Life's great ocean
Slowly casts my barque ashore,
Then my journey will be ended,
And the storms of life be o'er;
Then I hope to meet the loved ones,
Safely on the other side,
Where we'll weep no more at parting,
When we've crossed the river wide.

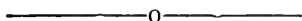


A BRIGHTER DAY.

The day is dull, the gloomy clouds
Lie stretched about like long white shrouds;
The heavy mist now changed to rain,
Makes music on the window pane;
No matter now how dull, we say,
"To-morrow'll be a brighter day."

The wind sighs lonely through the leaves,
The rain still patters from the eaves;
The sky grows dark, and darker still;
There's music in the dashing rill,
For hope is looking for a ray—
"To-morrow'll be a brighter day."

In all the changes far and wide,
In all the turnings of the tide,
Though mighty storms around us rush,
And thunders loud the air doth crush.
Hope whispers in a cheering way,
"To-morrow'll be a brighter day."



THE DISCARDED GOWN.

Good by, old gown, now from this day
I'll call you the old cast-a-way,
It makes a wound deep in my heart
From such a good old friend to part,
And since the time has drawn so near,
I scarce can check the rising tear,
Such bitterness fills in my cup,
To think that I must give you up.

You served me well, you served me long,
In sickness just the same as song;
Long were your colors bright and new,
Your strength kept up a good while too;
But now you're tattered, old and worn,
Your sleeves are patched, your skirt is torn,
With many a deep and heart-felt sigh,
I now for-ever lay you by.

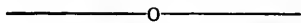
Some summer day with sunny sky
I'll wash and put you out to dry,
Then hang you out of sight away
Till I have leisure some odd day,
Perhaps a day in rainy weather,
I'll tear and sew you fast together,
With other scraps for carpet rags,
With odds and ends and striped tags.

I'll wind you in with other balls,
And hang you on the out-house walls,
Until it suits the busy weaver,
When he with shuttle and with lever,

Will throw you through the twisted chain,
Forward first then back again;
The loveliest carpet in the town,
I'll have from strips of my old gown.

I'll hem and tack you on the floor,
Protect you well about the door,
But still you'll be much kicked about,
By comers in and goers out,
With ever restless, awkward feet,
They're sure to spoil your looks so neat;
And cause the broom with heavy rake
To give you many a brush and shake.

Good bye, good bye, I'll never frown.
Again upon you as a gown;
And never more with careless catch,
I'll tear you on the door latch;
Nor o'er your surface will I flirt,
In heavy splotches, grease and dirt;
Good bye, good bye, if you could tell,
I know you'd say you wish'd me well.



CARRY A MESSAGE FOR ME.

Oh! Breeze, gentle Breeze, can't you tarry awhile,
On your way to a froth-beaten sea,
For only a moment, 'twill be very kind,
And carry a message for me?

To my far away home neath an azure blue sky,
But wait, lest you wrongly might stray,
As the journey is long, weary mile upon mile,
It is best that I tell you the way.

First turn to the West over valleys and hills,
Over cities and rivers and trees,
And then to the North till you mingle your breath
With mountain's own sweet scented breeze.

A dark little cot sitting up on a hill,
All quiet and home-like and fair,
With a large shaggy dog asleep on the porch,
And then you will know you are there.

Just say to the dog you've a message from me,
And give him a pat on the head,
Poor fellow! he's faithful and I have no doubt,
He long since has mourned me as dead.

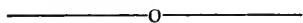
Then say to the birds, the flowers and bees,
And the brook at the foot of the hill,
Where oft in my wanderings I sat on a rock,
And drank in its low, rippling trill.

I'm tired of roaming and sigh for the day,
When the soft, sunny spring shall come back,
And I once again can truly enjoy
A stroll o'er the old beaten track.

Then turn to the house, the dearest of all,
A spot to me lovely and fair,
And speak in your gentlest, tenderest tone
To the man with the frost on his hair.

Just say: I am thinking of him.
A thought of the fondest, the tenderest tie
Will oft make the brightest eye dim,
A well of emotion comes up in my heart,

Then hie you away over valley and stream,
Where'er you are destined to roam,
Or wrap yourself up in a mystical dream,
The rest you may leave till I come.



A GOOD WIFE MAKES IT SO.

There are many girls who study
Madam Fashion's stylish dress,
Till they know it to perfection,
In any crowd or press;

There are many too, who often
Spend a large part of the day,
In standing by the mirror,
Watching beauty in her play.

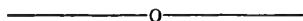
There are others too, who practice
Music and the latest art
Of painting, now, it takes them all
To make a lady smart;
It is well enough, Prince Charming
Is fond of all these,
And when he comes in calling
Then she knows just how to please.

But when he carries home a wife,—
How short the honey moon,—
And makes her mistress of his house,
Then a change comes pretty soon;
Bridget's work is all to do,
It's toil all day and care,
The lily hands so soft and white
Soon cease to be so fair.

There are rubbings needed here on this,
And over there a brush,
There's work a plenty every day
To keep one in a rush;
There are buttons loose and pretty soon
A rip in baby's shoe,
And job on job for every day
Present themselves to do.

It is well enough for every girl
To know just how to cook,
As well as follow fashion
And learn to pretty look;
It might be well for her to know
The laundry needs a girl,
That the cow will never milk herself,
Nor give the dash a whirl.

If she with care would closely watch
Her mother every day,
She'd see how much of precious time
She had to fool away;
A home is quite a charming place,
A good wife makes it so;
The wheres and hows of everything
She's sure to rightly know.



A GRAND BOYCOTT.

The Devil, he's bravely holding sway,
I'll warrant he thinks he's coming to stay;
He's gracious and happy as he can be,
In his heart he's holding a jubilee;
The world to him now seems his own,
The people his subjects, established his throne.

He winks and blinks and smiles at me,
As he capers about in his revelry;
He bows and scrapes and tips his hat,
And pushes in with his friendly chat;
Some future day he'll be much fooled
By this big old world he thinks he's ruled.

We'll gather enmass and form a plot,
And organize a grand boycott;
On him and his law we'll sit down flat,
And he'll come out like a famished rat;
We'll hold him up some future day,
A regular case of atrophy.

Speed the day when the world may know,
That the Devil will have to get up and go;
That the power he uses he only feigns,
For in reality Jesus reigns;
When all the people in a plot
Will organize this grand boycott.

IF YOU WILL.

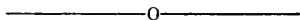
If you will you can climb the ladder
To the highest round of fame,
And write in glittering colors
The letters of your name.

If you will you can scale the mountain
That leads to Wisdom's height,
Though the road be long and rugged
It will win you laurels bright.

If you will you can be a hero,
In the battle of life you fight,
By pleading for truth and justice
And standing firm for the right.

If you will you can scatter sunshine
Around you as you go,
And plant for the good of others
Flowers to bloom and grow.

If you will you can have the guidance
Of a brightly beaming star,
To the world beyond in its beauty,
Through the pearly gates ajar.



HOW I'LL MISS THEM.

No little dimpled arms so fat,
Encircle 'round my neck,
No fingers full of mischief make
My treasured work a wreck;
No little kisses ever come
From baby lips so sweet,
No noise and patter on the floor
From busy childish feet.

No toys are scattered all about,
By little playful hands,
No merry voices ever heard
Singing in childish bands;
No pulling, struggling at my dress,
No lisping, prattling talk,
No toddling feet, so eager
To learn the way to walk.

The house is still and quiet,
The only sound that's heard
Is the soft and gentle warble
Of the pet Canary bird.
Time passes onward somehow,
From morn till night again,
But the stillness is oppressive
And often gives me pain.

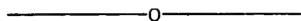
When my eyes have lost their brightness,
And my youthful days are gone;
When my step has grown so feeble
As old age comes surely on;
Then I'll miss it; yes, I'll miss it—
When my battles are all done—
The love and strong affection
Of a good and honest son.

No daughter kind and loving,
Will sit close by my bed,
And with a hand so tender
Soothe the pain that fills my head;
I'll miss it, oh! I'll miss it,
The kind and tender tone,
Of a daughter good and loving,
That I know is all my own.

Stranger forms will softly gather
Round about my dying bed,
Stranger hands will smooth the pillow
Underneath my senseless head;

Stranger eyes will do the weeping
Over me when I'm asleep,
Stranger hands will gently lay me
In my bed so still and deep.

God has willed it thus—my future,—
Then why should I murmur so;
For his goodness is eternal,
And his ways are right, I know.



THE MISSING BRAKEMAN.

A loud and startling whistle,
As e'er an engine made,
Rang out clear and strong and keenly,
As they started down the grade;
It filled each heart with terror,
When on turning they looked back,
And saw the missing brakeman
Lying still upon the track.

He wrenched his wheel in turning,
It broke. Oh! who can tell
The anguish of that moment?
He started, whirled and fell,
With his head against the boxing,
Senseless then to looking back,
It threw him further downward,
Right across the railroad track.

Rolled the boxes, faster, faster,
Onward, onward with their weight,
Rushing forward in their swiftness,
Loaded with a heavy freight;
Heedless of the mighty mischief,
And the cruel, cruel harm,
Passed right forward on their journey,
Left a bruised and mangled form.

Then his comrades in their sadness,
And with slow and gentle tread,
Gathered round the missing brakeman,
Lying mangled, still and dead;
Every heart was filled with sorrow,
As they dropped the silent tear,
For as yet no other brakeman,
Had they ever held so dear.

He was strong and young and lively,
And his heart was true and brave,
And for home or friend or country,
Willingly he'd died to save;
Knowing this they loved him better,
He so full of life and truth,
Snatched without a moment's warning
In the fulness of his youth.

They gathered up his lifeless body,
Wrapped it in the winding sheet,
Sent it home to friends and mother,
With a message sad, complete;
Then a city filled with weeping,
And a mother's heart was torn,
Every body loved the brakeman,
That so suddenly was gone,

They dug for him a grave so neatly,
In the shadows of the trees,
Where the leaves kept time to music,
In the sighing of the breeze;
With their sad eyes wet with weeping,
Here they laid beneath the sod,
The lifeless body of the brakeman,
Leaving all the rest with God.



THE IFS IN MY LIFE.

If I, in my onward journey
Had never stopped to play,
Or spend my moments idly,
By loitering on the way;
If I had only gathered
The flowers for me to glean,
Those only read for picking,
How happy I might have been.

If I, like the merry brooklet
On its rocky way to the sea.
Had danced o'er the roughest places,
That have yearly come to me;
If I could have missed the shadows,
And only enjoyed the sheen
Of the world in its gleaming brightness
How happy I might have been.

If I had never studied
The fickleness of a friend,
But tried with steady endeavor,
My own rugged way to mend;
If I had only gathered
The best that I have seen,
And let the worst lie buried,
How happy I might have been.

If I had worked in the vineyard,
That God laid off for me,
Had kept it clear of the thistle,
Of thorns and weeds all free;
If I could have done my duty,
And good seeds always sown,
The world might have been the better,
And the ifs in my life would have flown.

THE OLD PIANO.

You say they want it, really? it was the best you
know,
My dear, good, old piano, I regret to see it go;
It's stood there in the corner, where it's standing
now, so long;
And it always has been ready when we cared to have
a song.

I know its strings are rusty and a good deal out of
tune;
How long you say I've had it? Oh, for many and many
a June;
It's always been well cared for, I fondly loved it so,
My dear, good, old piano, I regret to see it go.

It's tune is just the sweetest that I know I ever heard,
And it has a little tremor like the voice of a bird;
If I ever felt quite lonely, or in other words, was
blue,
I'd sit down close beside it and play a tune for you.

Would that revive me? yes, indeed, there's joy in
every strain,
And almost before I'd know it, I would be myself
again;
That blessed old piano's been the solace of my heart
But the best of friends, they tell me, are the surest
doomed to part.

Then the children always loved it; it was Nellie's
chief delight
To stand beside her mother, dearest child with eyes
so bright,
And watch my nimble fingers as they carelessly
would stroll,
Hunting music on the keyboard that would almost
fairly roll.

And then you know they left us, one by one as children do,
And the house was still and lonely, just myself at home and you;
And you'd sit down close beside me, as I tried and tried each day
To play some lively pieces that would drive the gloom away.

My fingers now are stiffened with age and care and pain,
They'll never be as limber as thy used to be again;
Its keys are turning yellow, its face is not as bright,
As when you brought it home to me that lovely summer night.

You had better let them have it, it will be of use that way,
And as it is, its rusting more and more every day;
Though I know I'll never use it, I regret to see it go,
The dear, good, old piano I have always loved it so.

And when they come to get it and move it from the wall,
I'll have a table ready, bring the one in from the hall;
It's large, you know, and nearer will fill the vacant space,
But there's not a piece of furniture can take its dear old place.

We both will miss it sadly because I liked to play,
And because you liked to listen to my music every day;
We both will feel the absence of its sweet and joyous tone,
'Twill seem as if a member of the family is gone.

UNDER THE FLAG.

Spring had opened with her earliest and her brightest,
fragrant flowers,
Standing still with upturned faces, claiming kisses
from the showers;
Buds were bursting, birds were singing in the wild-
wood far and near,
And dame Nature wore her gayest, greenest dress
of all the year;
Madeline Akers, ever busy, was as happy all day
long,
As the wild bird in its beauty caroling its merry
song.
Roderic Seaman's handsome features, by the point of
Cupid's dart,
In an outline strong and deeply, had been traced up-
on her heart;
Hope was bounding, love was blooming, sweetest,
holiest, deep and true,
Life was filled with animation, Madeline's only love
was new;
Skies were bluer, stars were brighter, sunshine wore
a newer look,
And the story of his wooing had the romance of a
book.

Roderic, in the twilight lonely, with the sparkling
dome above,
Listening to the sighs of nature, thinking of his only
love,
Dreamed sweet dreams; beneath the future saw
happiness in store,
Felt that he would soon be walking on the bright
Elysian shore.
Time was passing, quickly passing, days and weeks
had swiftly fled.
Soon the hour would be in waiting, he and Madeline
would be wed;
Oh! blissful Hope, how sweet to linger 'neath the
shadow of thy wing,

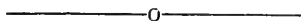
How comforting thy words of promise, as we closely
to thee cling;
Shadows lighten all around us, sorrow leaves with-
out a jar,
Could we keep thee straight before us ever as our
guiding star.

Man in weakness, born in frailty, dares his future to
propose,
In His wisdom, through His mercy, truly God for
good bestows.
Roderic Seaman, in the distance watched a gather-
ing storm-cloud rise
O'er his loved and happy country—heard the oft re-
peated cries;
“To arms, to arms, make haste to battle;” death,
destruction threatened all,
Above the loud and noisy tumult, sounded long the
bugle call.
Mothers wept and wives were shaken, maidens
trembled with a fear,
Parting words, and separation make life seem so
very drear,
Madeline shuddered, pale with weeping, and her
bosom heaved with dread,
Soldiers marched in heavy columns, Roderic Seaman
at the head,
Young and gallant, strong and daring, Madeline
knew the soldier boy,
Death she'd sooner choose than parting from her
young heart's truest joy.

Roderic stood upon the common, clasped he Made-
line's slender hand,
Gathered 'round in silent waiting, stood his valiant
soldier band;
Up above in quiet splendor, as the marriage rite was
said,
With its silken stripes unsullied, waved the flag above
his head;

Long and loud three cheers ascended, upward on the
morning air,
Cheers for Roderic, brave commander, and his bride
so young and fair;
Drums were beaten, bugles sounded, then the army
marched away,
Leaving Madeline sad and tearful, her's a gloomy
wedding day.

Days and weeks rolled into seasons and the seasons
make up years,
Many a bride and wife and mother, in those days
wept blinding tears;
On the gory field of battle, gallant Roderic Seaman
fell,
And for months his love, in mourning, knew not were
he dead or well;
But at last one Christmas morning as the bells peal-
ed forth for joy,
O'er the village rose a shouting for the gallant sol-
dier boy;
Roderic Seaman, scarred by battle, yet more grand in
face and mein,
On the glorious Christmas morning, claimed his
faithful Madeline.



KATIE AND THE OLD STORY.

"Grandpa," said little Katie,
As she climbed upon his knee,
"I'm ready now for that story,
You said you'd tell it to me,"
And she rested her cheek quite snugly,
Against grandpa's rough and brown,
As he smoothed the wavy ringlets
That served for her head as a crown.

"But it's old my child, I told you,
Much older than grandma or I,
It's been told too, over and over,
It's a story of earth and sky,"
Don't make any difference, grandpa,
I like old folks, grandma and you,
If I like old folks, why not stories?
Just so the stories are true."

"A long time ago it's been, Katie,
God, who lives up in the sky,—
And he has a big house up there ready
With a room for us all when we die—
Sent His son down here one Christmas
To live in this big world of ours,
To walk all about in the sunshine,
And look at the beautiful flowers."

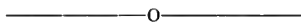
"Let me see now," said grandpa,
"He was as old as your papa in years,"
As grandpa thought of his own dear son
His dim eyes filled with tears;
"Don't cry so, poor grandpa," said Katie,
And with the hem of her apron blue,
She wiped the tears from the eyelids
Of her grandpa tried and true.

"Now then I'll tell you the balance,
The story is sweet to me,
If Christ hadn't come that Christmas,
He would have died you see,"
"Oh what a nice name He had, grandpa,
But tell me what made Him die?
Did He go right back to heaven,
To live with God in the sky?"

"I'll tell you, they killed Him Katie,
Nailed Him fast to the tree.
There He hung till He died, listen Katie.
That the world might be made free;

So, if you will trust Him, Katie.
When you are ready to die,
He'll come and take you up with Him,
To live with God in the sky."

"Everything's lovely in heaven,
Beautiful streets of gold,
A home for the weary and homeless,
And a resting place for the old."
Poor grandpa's heart is tender,
He is nearing the other shore,
As his thoughts ran into the future,
He couldn't say any more.



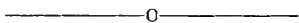
MY VISION.

In my vision I saw the green boughs of a tree,
That budded and blossomed the whole year for me;
The landscape around me was lovely and green,
More splendid than any I had ever seen;
A soft, gentle breeze played among the fresh boughs,
The green, rolling meadows were freckled with cows;
And a bright colored bird with a trill to his song,
Was merrily singing for me all day long.

My house was a mansion and stood on a hill,
Adown which went rushing a frolicsome rill;
The halls of my mansion were stately and wide,
And filled with grand pictures that hung from the
side;
The velvety carpets were covered with flowers,
And the porches were really vine covered bowers;
No end to the servants for parlor and hall,
And I was the mistress and ruled over all.

In my vision my paper had feet and could walk,
My pen had a tongue just like mine and could talk;
I only commanded my paper to stand,
And my pen wrote my thoughts in a flourishing hand;

Bright prospects were near in the future for me,
As my boat glided smoothly o'er life's billowed sea,
When lo! all my vision rolled off out of sight,
My eyes had been shaded by the curtains of night.



HAVE A SONG READY.

Have a song ready; you never can tell,
What good it will do you to sing it,
'Tis just the right food,
When your're in a bad mood,
Then out with your voice and sing it.

Don't mind if the grating sounds harsh on your ear,
For this may be so very often;
Keep going along,
With the trill and the song,
And so you will find it will soften.

Have a song ready, the tune full of life,
Then enter right in with a spirit;
'Twill make you so glad,
Drive away all the sad,
And you will be left with the merit.

Have a song ready though life seems so dark,
And full of the bitterest weeping,
'Twill help you on so,
With your cup full of woe,
If you have the right song in your keeping.

Have a song ready, 'twill bring unto you,
A bright and blessed tomorrow,
Whether cloudy or not,
'Twill lighten your lot,
And dispel all the gloom and the sorrow.

BETTIE'S UNCLE JIM.

By a low and dusky window,
In a close, dark, upper room,
Where a ray of shining sunlight
Ne'er chased away the gloom,
With her head against the facing
And her eyes upon the street,
Leaned the form of little Bettie
With its dimpled face so sweet.

All day she had been watching
Happy girls and merry boys,
With their hearts so full of Christmas,
And their hands so full of toys;
And as she looked and listened,
Her little eyes grew dim,
The tears fell as she whispered:
"God, please send us Uncle Jim."

"Twould be so very kind, sir,
If you only think you could,
Because you see its Christmas,
And we're nearly out of wood;
I really wouldn't bother
You, about it so all day,
But I think you'll almost surely
Send him to us right away."

Just then a gentle rapping
Fell lightly on the door,
And Bettie moving quickly
Glided softly o'er the floor,
"Come in, Sir. You want Mamma?
I think she'll be here soon,
Because I'm getting hungry
And I know its nearly noon.

"You see the house is lonely,
When she's out hunting work,
They told her if she'd come again,
They'd let her help to clerk;

So she promised me this morning,
That if I wouldn't cry,
She'd bring me home tomorrow
A great big Christmas pie."

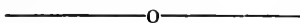
"I try so hard to help it,
Of course I know it's wrong,
But the hours pass so slowly,
And the day does seem so long;
But God's been here this morning,
You know I'm fond of Him,
I asked Him, oh! so often,
To please send us Uncle Jim."

"For Mamma's sad and lonely,
Since they took Papa away,
He's gone up to Heaven
Gone up there with God to stay;
As soon as he was buried,
Some cruel men you see,
Took away from Mamma,
Everything she had but me."

And I'm so very little,
But if Uncle Jim would come,
He'd take us both together,
To his great, big, lovely home,
Wish you'd tell me, stranger,
He's a great tall man, not slim,
While you've been out traveling,
Did you see my Uncle Jim?"

The stranger stooped and lifted
Little Bettie in his arms,
And kissed the rosy dimples,
That gave her many charms;
In his heart he gently pondered,
"Oh! that I could be
As full of grace and goodness,
And as strong in faith as she."

Morning brought her Christmas
And a very happy day,
For Bettie with her Mamma,
Went with Uncle Jim to stay.
Bettie still declares it,
God sent her Uncle Jim,
And the reason why He did so,
"Cause she kept on teasing Him."



PLENTY OF ROOM UP STAIRS.

If the printer's trade is crowded,
Till the papers come out thick,
Don't trade off your profession,
Better tighter to it stick;
If the halls are full of journals,
And you see no vacant chairs,
Just remember as you look about
There's plenty of room up stairs.

If the lawyers in abundance,
Pretty nearly fill the town,
If that is your profession,
And you want to wear the crown,
Don't let this put you out a bit,
For life is full of snares,
Just remember as you go along,
There's plenty of room up stairs.

If the merchant men are filling
Every vacant house you know,
And you run against a counter,
Every where you start to go,
Don't let this check your courage,
Though the work is full of cares,
Just remember as you look around,
There's plenty of room up stairs.

It is so the wide world over,
In every kind of work,
There's always room for you and me,
If we never learn to shirk;
If we choose our own profession,
And by work and earnest prayers,
Keep the ladder straight before us,
We'll find plenty of room up stairs.



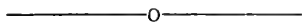
THE WORLD DOESN'T OWE US A FORTUNE.

Fortune's no fabulous creature,
She's a solid and stoical dame,
She'll take us right into her favor,
If we work with an effort and aim;
But if we are prone to be idle,
With a nervous and timid, "I can't,"
Fortune will keep at a distance,
With a firm and decided, "I shan't."

Fortune is true to her nature,
She depends now on vim and on pluck,
She has learned long ago peradventure,
There's nothing in old-fashioned luck.
It's a fact she is not an intruder,
She's rather inclined to be shy,
She never comes in uninvited,
Unless a rich uncle should die.

Fortune provides many pleasures,
And doubtless she brings many cares,
The heedless drop into her pitfalls,
The thoughtless are caught in her snares;
And yet she is cleverly courted,
And flattered by juicy words sweet,
She's expected by sparkling eyed beauty;
To submissively bow at her feet.

Fortune is certainly friendly,
To all not excepting the knave,
If she's partial to one or the other,
She's sure to favor the brave;
The world doesn't owe us a fortune,
This is a fact, not a joke,
We must get it by brain or by muscle,
By a steady and hard pounding stroke.



WHEN THE LAST GOODBYE IS SAID.

When the parting words are spoken,
And the last goodbye is said,
When the strongest tie is broken,
As we stand beside the dead,
Memory turns and points us backward,
Hope, our guardian angel fair,
Whispers, "Never! Never! Never!
Pointing upward, "Don't despair."

When the heart is faint with grieving,
And the last goodbye is said,
As we kiss the cold, pale forehead,
The last gift we give the dead,
Memory lingers in the background,
Hope would turn direct away,
And with firm uplifted finger,
Point us to that endless day.

Memory often casts a shadow
O'er the sorrow-burdened heart,
Hope sends forth the gleaming sunlight,
As the shadows upward start;
Angels view the scene in pity
And reverence with bowed head,
When the parting words are spoken
And the last goodbye is said.

"OVER THE HILL."

Over the hill to the grave yard, the funeral winds its
way,
With slow and measured stepping, carrying its load
of clay;
Somebody's hands are folded, somebody's heart is
still,
Somebody's form lies speechless as they carry it over
the hill.

Over the hill to the graveyard, as the gilded hearse
goes by,
It tells the same old story, that people have to die;
And over the hill to the graveyard they still con-
tinue to go,
The young, the old, the lovely, alike both friend and
foe.

Over the hill to the graveyard, it's somebody's mother
now,
And we place the sweetest roses about her cold, pale
brow;
The house is still and lonely, we'll miss her tender
care—
No other can come among us and fill her vacant chair.

Over the hill to the graveyard, they've carried the
only boy;
The life and light of the household, and father's great-
est joy;
"Over the hill to the graveyard," will cloud the
brightest day,
But as long as we are human there'll be no other
way.

Over the hill to the graveyard, they've carried the
baby, too,
Its coffin covered with flowers, and we miss its little
"coo;"

The darling was always happy, and 'twas hard to give
it up;
"Over the hill to the graveyard" will bitter the
sweetest cup.

Over the hill to the graveyard, riches are laid aside;
The young and loving husband carries his handsome
bride;
Over the hill to the graveyard, beauty and wit both go,
Along with the plain and homely, for neither can
make a show.

Over the hill to the graveyard: the gambler's work is
done,
No more is he exalted and praised on his wicked
throne;
"Over the hill to the graveyard," will cut his work off
short,
Though "over the hill to the graveyard" comes as his
last resort.

Over the hill to the graveyard—the brightest star's
gone down,
Hath laid aside a scepter to take a sparkling crown;
The world will miss its hero, with valor and strength
of soul.
But "over the hill to the graveyard" no human can
control.

Over the hill to the graveyard! They'll call for
you some day:
To be wise is to be ready for your travel o'er that
way;
For over the hill to the graveyard is a broad, well
beaten track,
That we all will have to travel, but none can ever
come back.

MY MOTHER TOLD ME SO.

I believe it, I believe it,
My mother told me so,
And my mother was a woman,
Who had a right to know;
She was strong and true and faithful,
And every word she'd say,
Sank deep into my youthful heart,
Remaining to this day.

She led me gently by the hand.
I knelt beside her knee,
She talked to God and Jesus,
About herself and me;
It all seemed true and real,
That God was always near;
That Jesus was my Savior,
I had no cause to fear.

The storms of life are heavier,
As I have older grown,
She told me this along the way,
My mother must have known;
She's sleeping long, long years ago,
Been resting with the dead.
In my mem'ry still there lingers,
Ev'ry precious word she said.

I believe it, I believe it,
My mother told me so,
That there is a place, a heaven,
Where all God's children go;
That God is watching over me,
And Jesus is my guide,
I feel his happy presence,
Forever at my side.

THE THIRTY-FIVE WIDOWS ON WIDOW STREET.

These thirty-five widows on Widow Street,
Just think of this now,
Each make a fine frau,
All hale and jolly, and blessed with discreet;
They live in a row, just pick and choose,
You've a chance to gain or a chance to lose.

These thirty-five widows all full of vim,
As busy as life,
Each make a good wife,
All togged, and primped, and watching for "him;"
Now is your chance, just pick and choose,
Select with care and shun the noose.

These thirty-five widows on Widow Street,
Some young, some old,
Some blessed with gold,
Some fair as a fairy, handsome and sweet;
The chance of your life you dare not lose
From this goodly number pick and choose.

Some of these widows who live in a row
Are regular cranks,
They play off their pranks,
Sub rosa, they'll play to your favor I trow;
Don't run any risk, now is your chance,
To the tune of your naming they'll cheerfully dance.

All of these widows so staid and prim,
All anxious I guess,
To answer you "yes."
A look at their faces would make your head swim;
Would dim your eyes and puzzle your brain,
Such a splendid chance you'll not have again.

These thirty-five widows on Widow Street,
Each one in a hurry,
I dare say to marry,
They smile bewitchingly, pleasant and sweet;
Make your selection without delay,
For even these widows may pass away.

MY OLD SWEETHEART.

My old sweetheart, he's a dandy,
Wearin' them new clothes, you know;
He's sweeter far than sugar candy,
Sure, I told him so.

His hair's as gray as Cook's old grizzly'
Under that new hat.
(I wear mine both puffed frizzly)
I don't care for that.

He stands as straight as pap's old bean pole,
In the garden high,
And steps as brisk as some old spinster,
When he knows I'm nigh.

They say he's got the chink to jingle,
Back in old Kentuck,
It fairly makes my fingers tingle,
Thinkin' on such luck.

The chink's all right and so are houses,
When you make a trade,
I'll show him how to wear the trousers,
E'er the roses fade.

I deeply muse, I sit and ponder,
O'er my lonely lot,
But won't I cut a swell out yonder,
In that fine new cot.

My old sweetheart, he's a dandy,
Runnin' o'er with cash,
I'll tone him up on gum drop candy,
But what I'll make a mash.

MY NEIGHBOR'S TALENT.

Once I had the dearest neighbor,
With the sweetest, brightest face,
And I never for a moment
Could find the slightest trace
Of care, or any sorrow,
Of trouble, or of strife,
That brings the clouds and darkness,
To mar one's happy life.

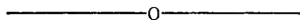
If I was sick or ailing,
She would sit close by my bed,
And with a hand so tender,
Resting gently on my head;
With a voice low and loving,
She continued still to say,
If I would keep on trying,
I could laugh the pain away.

I know she had a talent,
Hidden in her breast away,
For all the people loved her,
And praised her day by day;
I wondered where she found it
And sought again to see,
If there was another talent,
Of the same kind made for me.

My kind and gentle neighbor
Has gone to parts unknown,
And with the years so fleeting,
I have staid and older grown,
And the talent so much wanted,
I have found—infinite love,
The world cannot supply it,
It comes from God above.

It's the hardest thing in nature,
To be lovely when you're vexed,
With your life shut in by crosses,
And your every thought perplexed;

The only way to do it,
Is in Jesus to abide,
Make of Him your close companion,
And your only earthly guide.



DOWN THE STREAM OF LIFE TOGETHER.

Two children on the streamlet's bank,
Where grasses grew both tall and rank,
Played gaily at their seek and hide,
Unconscious of the coming tide
That rises high with heave and lift,
And sets young hopefuls out adrift:
So Robert touched his manhood's shore,
And Jennie was a child no more.

* * *

The summer sun was shinning bright,
And covered earth with radiant light;
Flowers, both beautiful and rare,
Did cast their fragrance on the air;
The forest songsters all day long
Warbled most merrily their song;
Yet Jennie, standing on the bridge
That crossed the stream below the ridge,
Did sigh a lonely sigh, and weary—
Life looked to be both dark and dreary.

But Robert in his first day dream,
Had moored his boat upon the stream,
And—standing out upon the bow—
With manly stamp upon his brow—
Was watching Jennie, as she stood
In all the bloom of maidenhood;
While she, within the depths below,
Beheld the whirling waters go.
There, Robert saw her form was neat,
Her face was fair and very sweet.

He knew no girl of rarer mind;
A better heart he'd never find
Than Jennie's—Robert knew full well;
Then why not now his secret tell?
There'd never be a hand more ready
To help his boat go true and steady!
He bared his brow; with outstretched hand
And steady voice at his command,
He called out: "Jennie, come with me—
I'll row you, safely as can be."

Jennie, arousing from her dream,
Saw Robert's boat upon the stream;
Saw Robert standing upon the bow
With outstretched hand and noble brow,
With true love beaming in his eye,
A new light flashed across her sky;
The echo of his calling words
Was mingled with the songs of birds,
She saw the flowers sweet and rare,
The earth to her looked bright and fair.

Returning Robert's lovelit gleam,
She slowly walked down to the stream;
And—standing on the water's edge,
Beneath the waving willow hedge—
Reached out her hand so small and thin,
And Robert lifted her right in.
He loosened the moorings of the boat,
And let it gently downward float,
Thus starting out in sunny weather
Adown the stream of life together.

All life to Jennie now looked new,
As o'er the waters swift they flew;
The gentle ripple of the wave
Softly against the boat did lave;
And in the current deep and blue,
The silver-sided fishes grew;
With her fair fingers smooth and white,
She plucked the water lilies bright,
That grew, with ever restless head,
Upon its moving watery bed.

But Robert's day dream now was o'er,
For life to him would, evermore,
Most truly be a thing of truth—
All free from follies of his youth,
With precious Jennie by his side
He feared no more to stem the tide;
While looking on her face so bright,
His heart was filled with delight,
But as they traveled, by and by
Both dark and threatening grew the sky,

A tempest gathered in the cloud,
The thunder muttered long and loud;
The vivid lightning danced in flashes,
The heavy rain fell fast in dashes;
The wind rushed forward in a gale,
And broke away the top mainsail;
The billows, roll on roll, went high—
No ready help for them was nigh;
They feared with every coming dash
The boat upon the rocks would crash.

Yet, Jennie knew no word of fail;
All through the heaviest of the gale
She took her stand beside the wheel,
And kept the timbers of the keel
From dashing on the heavy rock
That gave their hearts so great a shock.
The brave man, overworked and tired,
Now with new life did seem inspired;
As thus they steered and rowed together
All safely through the stormy weather.

* * *

Much blest is every man in life
Who hath real helpmeet in his wife—
Who, when she hears the scraping keel
Will lend a hand to turn the wheel;
Who, in a gale will help to row,
Through all the squalls of stormy weather
Adown the stream of life together.

FOR LOVE OF ME.

Yes, I know how it happens,
I have noticed it all the way,
Since we started out together
On our happy wedding day;
It seems to be quite natural,
It is not by my request;
I've heard it said long time ago,
Love always gives the best.

He often fills his pockets,—
Where he finds them, out in town,—
With fine, large, mellow apples,
Coated o'er with red and brown,
He'll lay them on the table,
Look them over two by two,
"I've brought home some apples, dear,
The best ones are for you."

The richest glass of milk is mine;
The brownest piece of toast;
The best, softest potato,
And the tenderest piece of roast;
The snuggest corner by the fire
Is always left for me,
And if the weather's cool, the blaze
Is bright as it can be.

If I've been in the kitchen,
As busy as a Turk,
Or out about the dairy
Helping Kate on with the work,
And I come in very tired,
"Here, this chair is the best,
Sit down here and rock awhile,
Directly you will rest,"

How carefully he watches
For my comfort, with an eye
That never fails to see my wants
And make a quick supply.

Yes, I know how it happens,
It is plain enough to see,
It's not merely an accident,
But all for love of me.

JUST ONE.

As I was rambling out one day,
Into the garden I chanced to stray,
As a gentle breeze passed by in a walk,
And made the flowers and leaves to talk;
And I imagined, over the way,
"Shake off your catterpillars," one did say.
"Why?" a meek rose quickly said,
As she raised her nodding, bobbing head;
"If you don't they'll eat you up,
And spoil the shape of your dew-drop cup."
"I'll shake them all off but one," said she,
"I'll keep that one for it's beauty."

A few days more as I passed by,
I heard the rose so faintly cry;
"Alas! I did not think that one
Could cause the ruin that this has done;
And tear-drops stole down her tattered clothes,
As dew-drops once did from the rose.

Just one wrong word, or thought, or deed
To which we listen or give heed,
Will o'er our lives a shadow cast,
Which through the coming years will last,
Then all our tears will be in vain,
We never can remove the stain.

AWFUL.

I knew an awful girl,
Who had an awful way
Of having "awful" all the time
In every thing she'd say.

She lived in an awful house;
Down an awful street;
In an awful little village,
Which was always awful neat.

She went to awful schools
Where she had an awful teacher;
She sat in awful churches
And heard an awful preacher.

She'd climb such awful hills
When she'd take such awful walks,
And she'd meet such awful girls
And have such awful talks.

She'd get so awful hungry,
And eat such awful food,
That she was awful rosy
And her health was awful good.

She had an awful nose,
Which was awful short and flat;
Her eyes were awful small,
And she wore an awful hat.

In fact, this awful girl
Was in an awful state;
From all the awful symptoms,
All empty was her pate.

If this awful girl,
Who has such awful ways,
Don't leave off saying "awful,"
Awful bad will end her days.

A TRYING TIME.

Oh! how tall I have lately grown,
I'm ashamed to follow the ways I have known;
My drum and top I've a mind to destroy,
I'm much too tall to act like a boy.
I'm seventeen, but not yet a man,
So I'll knock along the best I can.

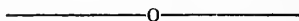
My coat sleeves are short and my pant leg too,
I can't bear the sight of my wee shirt of blue;
My little fur cap just sets on my crown,
And my chin shows the least bit of delicate down,
But I'm not a boy and I'm not a man,
So I'll have to do the best I can.

My hands are so large and too much in my way,
If I hide them in pockets they're sure not to stay;
My feet are so clumsy and lap all about,
Wherever I sit they are sure to shove out;
But I'm not a boy and I'm not a man,
So I'll have to do the best I can.

The girls used to pet me and call me so sweet,
And give me a hug and a kiss very neat,
But now if I look at a girl she will shy,
I have to be cunning to glance at her eye;
For I'm not a boy and I'm not a man,
So I'll have to do the best I can.

I'm sure I can't tell why in such a rough way,
I'm so knocked about now every day;
They call me for this and send me for that,
I'm thrown about carelessly like an old hat;
But I'm not a boy and I'm not a man,
So I'll have to do the best I can.

There's a trying time in the life of each man,
When he is forced to do the best that he can;
When his hands and his feet are both in his way,
And his mind not steady for work or play;
When he's not a man and he's not a boy,
And the freedom of neither he's allowed to enjoy.



COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

Oh! bless me! 'tis so pleasant
To be housed the live-long day
With a lot of reckless urchins,
Each one hungry for a play,

The little feet so frisky,
Keep scraping on the floor,
Or run with pity-a-pat-ty
To and from the door.

Sixty eyes are peeping
O'er the corners of their books,
To find a little mischief,
Or to cast some saucy looks;
Then there's a little giggle,
As if someone on the sly,
Had found something so funny
And was laughing fit to die.

The slender little fingers
Turn from side to side
The dirty little book leaves,
And try in vain to hide
The naughty, naughty lesson,
With words so hard and long;
They'd rather have a story
Or a pretty little song.

It is, "Teacher, mama wants you
To let me go to play;
She says I get too tired
To sit up here all day."
And, "Teacher, papa told me
To use this other book,"
Says a boy coming forward
With a dull and awkward look.

And, "Teacher," says another,
Who is nothing but a drone,
"If you don't learn me something,
Mother says I'll stay at home."
They are mama's little darlings,
And papa's dearest joys,
The pride of every household,
Both romping girls and boys.

With such dirty little faces
And shabby little heads;
With shoes untied and rusty,
And dreadful heavy treads—
Oh! bless me! 'tis so pleasant,
This teaching girls and boys,
The pride of every household,
Mama's pets and papa's joys.

IN MY CABIN.

In my cabin stands the cook stove,
Nice and tidy as can be.
There I cook my husband's dinner,
At night I make his tea;
With nice, fresh yellow butter,
I can make the richest cake,
And my light bread's just as snowy,
As if it were itself a flake.

In my cabin many a picture
Hangs around against the wall,
On this side are bright faces—
On that a water fall;
Though these pictures are quite common,
They are very dear to me;
They've hung there many a season,
My own pencil work, you see.

In my cabin books are plenty,
I can read the whole day long.
And there's music in the corner,
If I want to hear a song.
I never get so lonely
That I sigh to be away;
Indeed, I am quite happy
In my cabin day by day.

I wouldn't give my cabin
For a mansion with fine halls,
Where the women play "society,"
And go to hops and balls;

There's contentment in my cabin—
Peace and plenty live there too,
With these three good companions
My wants are very few.

O

KEEPER.

Keeper, my dog, is a dandy,
A beautiful brindlesh brown;
He knows every street, path and alley
That't traveled in this part of town.
Keeper, my dog, wears a collar,
A natural streak made of white.
He's neither too large nor too slender,
But in size is just about right.

Keeper, my dog, is so active—
But never as yet has played golf;
His ears are both straight, soft and silky,
And stand like the ears of a wolf.
Keeper is fond of good music,
He'll sing right along with a harp;
But strangers had better be cautious,
For Keeper is certainly sharp.

Few dogs are so wise as my Keeper,
He knows where to get a square meal,
He likes to stay up at the "Davey's,"
But he would perish before he would steal.
He's fond of a piece of good melon,
Of candy and walnuts and pie;
To see how he eats buttered popcorn—
You'd laugh till you made yourself cry.

Keeper is wiser than people;
Not once for a time do I think,
If every saloon in the nation
Were open to him, would he drink.

Keeper is very attentive,
He knows every word that I say;
I never could think for a moment,
Of giving my Keeper away.
Keeper, my dog, is so friendly—
As friendly as you'd care to see;
He's honest, and faithful, and trusty,
And thinks all the world ought to be;
So, if you should see him in passing,
I ask you, please let him alone,
For Keeper's the pet of the family—
We miss him whenever he's gone.

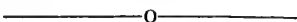
SANKEY, MY DOG.

Sankey, my dog, is a beauty,
He's nearly as black as the crows,
His feet are a little bit whitish,
And white on the end of his nose;
Oh! Sankey, my dog, is a good dog,
I value him highly, I do,
I wouldn't for him take in money,
A ten dollar bill cut in two.

Sankey, my dog, is as honest,
He'll look you right straight in the eye,
One thing you may always depend on,
He never will tell you a lie;
If ever he calls you by barking,
You may certainly go and look out,
There's surely somebody or something
Strolling around, close about.

Sankey's the same way by stealing,
Never, one time, have I known,
Of his stealing, no matter how hungry,
No, nothing, not even a bone,
Sankey keeps out all the chickens,
The pigs too, he knows all about,
And the cow when she gets in the vineyard,
He's sure to drive her right out.

Sankey, my dog, is my shadow,
He follows me always about;
No matter whatever I'm doing,
He's with me in doors or out.
Oh! Sankey, my dog, is a good dog,
I value him highly, I do,
I wouldn't for him take in money,
A ten dollar bill cut in two.



WATER TO DRINK.

(Eureka Springs, Arkansas.)

They may talk of Eureka as much as they please,
Abuse it and scold it on purpose to tease,
They may say it is rocky and all kinds of stuff,
Complain of the City because it's so rough,
But one thing we've got that's better than chink,
A plenty of good, sparkling water to drink.

We know it is rocky and rough on these hills,
They are rusty and brown too, but full of clear rills,
That sparkle and dance in the light of the sun,
There's a world of good health in the drip of each one,
There's one thing we're sure of, I certainly think,
We'll always have plenty of water to drink.

If a storm-raging tempest should sweep through our
streets,
Dealing destruction to those it might meet;
If it in its fury should gather up all,
Not leave us a fragment of parlor or hall;
Tearing away from us each earthly link,
We'd still have a plenty of water to drink.

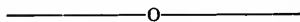
If the demon of fire should roll through our town,
And burn up, and scorch up till all had turned brown,
If he'd reach out and gather in all that he could,
Our every belonging together with food,
There's one thing I'm sure from which he would
shrink,
He'd leave us our good sparkling water to drink.

EUREKA SPRINGS AFTER NIGHT.

From the top of yonder hill,
With the night-air crisp and chill;
And the clouds all blown away
Just as evening closed the day;
While the stars were shining bright,
And the moon was out of sight
I saw Eureka wrapped in night.
The drum had stopped its thumping play,
The noise of wheels had died away;
The footman's daily busy rush
As night came on had whispered "hush,"
And Nature with repose so deep
Had rocked the city fast asleep
With only stars her watch to keep.

Lovely city of the hills,
Full of sparkling water rills;
Water filling many a cup,
Caught for invalids to sup;
Purest water, cold and chill,
Trickling from the rocky hill
In the city calm and still.

Eureka is a lovely sight,
With her lights all shining bright;
Clothed in darkness still and deep,
In her cradle fast asleep;
With the night-air soft and still,
And the music of the rill
From the top of yonder hill.



MODERN ARKANSAS.

The old-time foggy notion,
That Arkansa's a State
Filled with nothing else but ignorance,
Has gone quite out of date;

Now if you don't believe it
You needn't trust to me,
Just get a move upon your self
And come this way and see.

Her men are brave and brainy,
Her women wise and true;
In the way of modern progress
They know just what to do.
When it comes to education
The State just can't be beat,
To train the coming children,
You see will be no feat.

The rivers and the railroads
That wind about the State,
Afford the way for traffic
At a reasonable rate;
Her ground is full of mineral,
From the center to the top,
And the climate is delightful—
Just the place you'd like to stop.

With the rosy juicy apple—
And all other kinds of fruit,
We set a handsome table,
And every taste can suit;
There's no need of want or hunger,
Of laziness or crime,
Because there's lots of work to do
To keep you busy all the time.

The editors of Arkansas
Deserve their share of boom,
At the top of every ladder
You know there's always room;
We get the latest papers
Running over with the news,
Both foreign and domestic,
And we read it as we choose.

The tide of emigration
That's pouring in of late
From every old direction
Is filling up the State;
I say, you'd better hurry
Before it is too late,
I tell you Modern Arkansas
Is full up to date.



THE CRESCENT HOTEL.

From my cottage window small,
I can see the Crescent tall,
With its towers grand and high
Looming up against the sky,
And its massive walls and gray
Put up in modern way,
While the puffy smoke and black
Rolling from the engine stack;
It makes quite a lovely scene
With its lawn so nice and clean.
I am told it's fine inside,
With its halls and parlors wide,
And its mirrors long and bright
Flashing here and there with light;
While the quaint old fireplace,
With the lines above its face,
Is ready for a glow
When the ground is white with snow,
And the winter wind so shrill
Whistles loud around the hill.
I am sure it seems quite well
To have such a grand hotel
In our city odd and rough,
Built on hillside and on bluff;
With its cottages aglow,
Where the people come and go,
Each one in his own good way
Seeking "Phantom" day by day;
But the house is not the all
It's the folks that walk the hall.



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